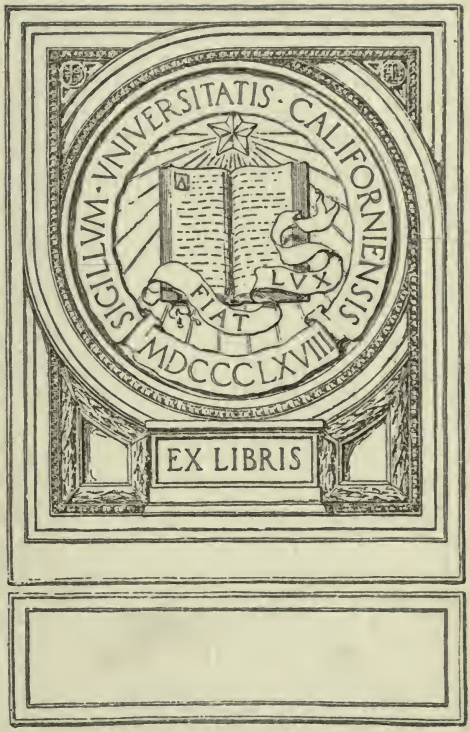
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THE MUCH CHOSEN RACE!

BY

SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

Author of "A Singular People," etc.

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TO THE JEWISH READER

DEAR SIR OR MADAM,

The Jew loves freedom of thought and utterance. Go to any public meeting—be it at the Albert Hall, Hyde Park or the Mile End Waste—and you shall find, foremost among the hecklers, the bright-eyed, insistent Jew. Let others in the audience be magnetised by the speaker's utterance ; let those who will, applaud bland inanities, he, at any rate, exercises his right to criticise, his impulse to hoot and his mood to heckle.

Well, here am I taking a feather out of the Jew's cap—or, to be more fashionable, out of his velour hat. In this little book I purpose criticising, heckling, and, if needs be, hooting.

No Jew will gainsay my right to do this. On the contrary, I am sure that with his usual magnanimity he will heartily applaud my straightforwardness, admire my complete candour and tell me, generally, what a fine fellow I am.

Indeed I am. I was adjured by well-meaning friends to utilise as a title for this book, something on the lines of the " Unspeakable Scot "

and the "Perfidious Welshman." But I waved aside the temptation of a selling title and have decided to call my book just "The Much Chosen Race."

This initial expression of good-will, I am confident, will complete the trick. I am ready to be overwhelmed with heartfelt expressions of gratification by my numerous Jewish friends and admirers.

If I am not, I shall be pained beyond measure, for I have always insisted that whatever streaks of perverseness may spoil the otherwise ideal traits in the Jew, one of them is certainly not ingratitude.

Therefore I fully expect that even those who do not see eye to eye with me will at least write to me acknowledging the sincerity and fairness of my strictures.

I promise to pay the postage.

Yours fraternally,

SYDNEY A. MOSELEY.

Press Club, London, E.C.4.

" YIDDLE "

Since it is intriguingly difficult to tell from the Anglicised names mentioned in the course of this work who are, and who are not, Jews, I have adopted the very ingenious ruse of prefixing the revered title of " Yiddle " before the names of those gentlemen who can boast of Jewish blood.

Those who are able to make this boast, but will not, for reasons of modesty, are nevertheless, also given the degree.

After all, they *are* " Yiddles," being all of the same brotherhood, which loves pomp, ceremony and high-souding titles.

And so—Yiddle !

The Much Chosen Race!

I

By Way of Introduction

The Lord made the Jews His chosen race ; the Lord knows why. There is indeed no official reason, that I wot of, for this divine preference ; but perhaps the maledictions that have followed the race ever since, have something to do with the forbearance with which other nations have treated this extraordinary favouritism.

The Chosen Race, indeed, is a handicapped race.

To say the truth I am perfectly sure that if the modern Jew had been consulted in the bestowal of this racial distinction he would have sold his right to it for a mess of " motza-clice." At any rate he would have rather handed over the honour to the Scotch or the Eskimo—although to be sure the Scotch have enough distinctiveness of their own.

Let me make it clear at once that I admire the level-headedness of the Caledonian as I revere the poetic picturesqueness of the Judæan or

rejoice in the gay irresponsibility of the child of Erin.

I love them all; yet I should be but a poor friend of the great Jewish race if I bore their infirmities without a kindly suggestion, and joined in the conspiracy of silence regarding their little faults. It is by this broad hint to the Jew that good cometh. As the Talmud (the Jewish book of law) says:

"The world depends upon these three—
On Justice, Truth and Harmony."

I have said the Jew loves candour. He has no use for the fashionable affectation of self-depreciation. He is the most tolerant judge of himself—his better self.

Therefore I am free to say that no-one has a better right to judge the Jew than I, to criticise him fairly, squarely and, if needs be, severely.

The anti-Semite lacks the qualifications I possess. He is usually a good deal worse than the Jew he criticises. Often he is merely a hireling who would just as soon write about booze as Jews. Oftener he is just a bad-livered, blighted soul, who needs bleeding, and lets his bad blood on those least able to bite him. And then there are the abnormals (I could name, say, a half-a-dozen) who are mad anyway. On off-days they write about Yellow Perils, Protocols and Sea Serpents.

And then there are—believe me—one or two

who love to be sportive at the expense of the Jew, since the Yid takes attacks with amusing seriousness. His sense of humour, his unbounded philosophy, entirely desert him when he is called a " Jew." His mind at once conjures up conspiracies, pogroms and plagues.

It is to spur him and stir him that I have gone " right out " for him in this book. There is, of course, no malice in my criticisms. That would spoil the beauty of my work.

Most Jewish writers—and they are as few as Jewish crossing-sweepers—are so absurdly biassed in the writing up of their people as to be unable to present a case sufficiently coherent for acceptance by the average Gentile. Nearly all avowedly Jewish publicists have bees in their beards. They are stubbornly intolerant of criticism concerning their race, regarding the friendly critic with veiled hostility. The avowedly Jewish publicist, too, is always ambitious to outshine his fellow Jews. There is never complete harmony within the gates of Israel.

The Jew's motives, therefore, usually have a personal impetus. He wants " to get there " himself and is petulantly jealous of a more successful competitor. When a Jew gains some distinction or other the first thought of his fellow Jews is not towards congratulation. Far be it ! The inevitable question, undisguised in its envy and naïve in its cunning is : " How did you get it ? " or " How did you do it ? " In

other words, how was it arranged, what is the trick of it, and why cannot we go and manage it likewise?

Should a Jew achieve riches, he has swindled somewhere; should fire break out at his warehouse he must inevitably be heavily insured (and business must be bad!); should he be given a title he has "done something" for a member of the Government; should he become publicly prominent as an artist, a writer or a musician, then the fact should be recalled that once upon a time he lived on fourpence a week in a tailor's den, and that his parents were refugees from Russia or Poland, with hardly a rag to their backs when they "came over," and sold lemons in the Lane. . . Nay, sir, this delicious backbiting reveals the jealous, diseased mind not of the anti-Semite, but of the "fellow" Jew.

There is indeed more *esprit de corps* among apes than among Jews.

As I shall show there is no greater enemy of the Jew than the Jew himself.

* * * * * *

Racial antipathy is common among the common herd; but even so-called great men have been addicted to this peculiar disease. Charles Lamb hated the Scot; so did Johnson.

"I have been trying all my life to like the Scotchmen," said Lamb, "and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair."

That was naturally stupid or stupidly natural. We all of us have our individual class antipathies, but the wise man does not split up the world into sects and races. He loves, as we all should love and sympathise with, mankind in general. There ought to be, of course, a great brotherhood of humanity, since we are all more or less in the same leaky boat derelict on uncharted seas. Or, to return to the metaphor I prefer, we are all having the deuce of a time on this earth, anyway, and ought to feel pity and regard for each other. I do not despise any nation or race. It is perfectly true that the Scotchmen I have met have usually conformed to the absurd picture of them—but the more lasting impression of them is efficiency—damnable efficiency. I have met perfectly adorable Germans. I have met Jews who accorded with the ideals of Christ Himself, and I have met Jews who—but go on reading.

The race most akin to the Jews is of course the Irish. In temperament (and in distress) they ought to be linked in kinship. Their imagination, their understanding and their natural gaiety all coincide with the Jewish characteristics. But comparison of races is diverting yet profitless. A final word, however, on that particular subject. It was Scott, I believe, who summed up so neatly the differences of the English, Irish and Scotch :

" The natural disposition of the Irish is

turned to gaiety and happiness ; while a Scotsman is thinking about the term day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world—while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present because his muffin is not well toasted —Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable, to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill at all at all."

And now let's get back to Israel.

* * * * * *

I have suggested that the Jew is indifferent to the divine distinction that was bestowed on him. Indeed I have never yet come across a Jew who cared one piece of Passover Cake whether he was chosen or not. This, as I shall show, is indicative of a most significant change that is coming over modern Jewry. In the days of the Bible it was all so different. Then the grand insignia "Chosen Race" inspired the valiant Jews to victory and beanfeasts. Suffering was only a spur to the Jew's character.

When God was seeking what should be the test
Of all the virtues Israel possess'd
He found that dire affliction was the best.

It is very different nowadays. The Jew has become impatient of inconvenience ; he would

outdo Esau in selling his birthright; he will hand over his claim to be the Chosen Race for some home-cooked fish and chips. (Home-cooked, since no Jew will trust a Gentile to cook his food for him).

Your modern Jew owes no allegiance to Abraham, Isaac or Jacob. Those venerable and much-married patriarchs of the past were frankly and fearlessly members of the brotherhood of Israel. They might take unto marriage their handmaiden or anybody that therein was, they might outrage all sorts of Western ideas of convention but at any rate they remained steadfast to their own people and stuck to the race till the end.

To-day, there are Jews who least of all desire to be associated either with their race, their religion or any of those wonderful Eastern traditions. They have chosen their own race, just as they have chosen their own names. They call themselves "American" and "British" if you ask their race; and if you further request their religion they will reply that they are "Deists." So that—and the Lord be thankful for it—the only thing Jewish about them is their physiognomy, and their mannerisms. I have met so many protesting Jews lately — protesting their anything - else - but - Judæan—that I am left to wonder where are the remnants of the Jewish race.

This is the time, surely, when a Jew might

profoundly acclaim the fact of his racial distinctiveness. Poland liberated, the birth of Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia united, the stand made by Montenegro—all these little nationalities declaring their will and spirit, their rights and their local patriotism. Is it not the moment for the Jew to come forward and declare for a united home of Judæanism?

"But they are!" might be offered. "Look at Palestine!" The trouble about the Jews and Palestine is that every Jew is desirous of sending every other Jew there. It is quite clear, at any rate, that the English Jew has no intention of migrating to Jerusalem. The leading spirits in the "Back to Jerusalem" campaign are British Jews, who intend holding on to their English homes till the Messiah comes.

* * * * * *

This universal desire by Jews to be called "British" or "American" is commendable and understandable. They are wise in their choice of nations, and I think that, at any rate, Great Britain and the United States ought to feel proud that the cleverest race in the world should be so insistent in claiming such an allegiance. At any rate, no Britisher or American need have fear of the Jew's patriotism to the nation of his choice.

As the Talmud has said:

When first the sons of Judah
Were into exile driven,
Were oaths to Jews and Gentiles
Administered by Heaven.
The Jews did swear they'd never,
Uniting in one band,
By force try to recover
Their freedom and their land;

* * * *

And, loyal to the countries
Where they should chance to dwell,
Against those several nations
They never would rebel.
And all the Gentile nations
Before the Lord did swear—
They ne'er would use oppression
Too great for Jews to bear.

Mr. Yiddle Zangwill, who could as easily be mistaken for a Britisher as Gorgonzola cheese could be mistaken for a rose, would wax very wroth if he were not included among "British" authors.

* * * * * *

The Jew possesses many of the Easterner's virtues and most of his vices. His love of glamour, his voluptuousness, his indifference to responsibility, his general attitude of cynicism towards life are so closely allied to Eastern traits that I wonder how any Jew can make a pretence of being Western. On the other hand the

Jew's love of the artistic, his allegiance to some sort of God, his superstition, his humanity and his music mark the better side of his Eastern nature.

In Egypt I attended the wedding of the Khedive's nephew ; it might have been a Jewish wedding. The fellah on his knees at the mosque, calling with such intensity to Allah, might well be a Jew at the synagogue calling aloud to be forgiven for having transgressed. The wrinkled figure is the same, his gestures, his supplication to Heaven, all—except the kneeling —fits in with the orthodox Jew. All religion is based on superstition but the sensible believer eschews the rubbishy rules which are usually tacked on to religion. For instance, the Jew believes that the command to rest on the Sabbath should be taken literally. He believes he must neither work, nor kindle fire, handle coins, etc.

The superstitious Jew obeys the Law to the *letter*. That he does not obey it in the *spirit* is very evident from the numerous stories, usually told by Jews themselves, of the crafty manner in which the Law has been circumvented. For instance, an old Jew walking along the road on a Sabbath morn saw a coin on the ground. His first impulse was to pick it up. Religious scruples however predominated. The Law said that no Jew must touch a coin on the Sabbath. So he " accidentally " kicked

the coin under the hedge, covered it, and called for it in the evening when the Sabbath was over.

The Jewish Law says that fire must not be kindled on the Sabbath. But since a Jew wishes to have his meals hot and at the same time avoid infringing the Law he employs a non-Jew to see to the fire. Also he moves the kettle *above* the stove, where it might receive the heat of the fire without actually touching it. All this, of course, is sheer hypocrisy and the sooner the Jew realises this the sooner he will become spiritually emancipated.

I knew a Jewish mother whose child was attacked by a man. The police wished to charge the man, but the mother had to be consulted. It was found that she was paying a visit to a friend three miles away. The policeman rode to the address, what time the man was detained at the police station pending her arrival. The mother became hysterical when she heard of the trouble to her child. Charge the man? No, she had no thought of punishment for the man. All she wanted was her child. "Well, madam," the policeman said, "we will get on a tram and we will be there in two twos." "What, ride on the Sabbath?" The old mother, frantic to reach her child, nevertheless would not hear of it. So she hobbled along, the policeman by her side, for two miles, what time the child had died. That mother was one of Israel's noble-hearted women, but

she would have been just as good a mother if she had been taught a broader-minded interpretation of the Jewish Laws.

* * * * *

" Thou shalt not take a wife for my son from the daughters of the Canaanites among whom I dwell; but thou shalt go unto my country, and to my kindred, and take a wife for my son Isaac."—Genesis xxiv., 3, 4.

To the orthodox intermarriage is an abomination. For a Jew to marry a Christian is the most heinous crime against the community. And yet I shall be able to prove that these intermarriages are so frequent nowadays as to cause little comment in Jewry where before they created an outcry. Jewry was up in arms when its idol, Yiddle Zangwill, married out of the faith. True his wife, a very charming woman, entered the Jewish Church; but even then Jews swore eternal hatred against the man who married for love. But who among Jewry remembers this now? The supposed outcast has been vociferously welcomed by the very people who denounced him.

Since that time many other prominent Jews and Jewesses have married Christians and are none the worse for it. For, as I have mentioned, just as *a Jew remains a Jew racially, no matter where he is born or whatever his views on religion may be,* so the fact remains that a

greatly reformed Judaism, more akin to theism than agnosticism, is on the *tapis*, and will have the eventual effect of making the Jewish the broadest-minded and most tolerant of religions.

It is a fact that nearly every Jew or Jewess of public prominence has married outside the Faith. Here is a curious point in this connection. In most of these Jewish-Gentile marriages it is the male Jew who has broken faith with his forefathers. From which might be deduced that the Jewish girl either fails to attract the Jewish young man or else she is strong enough to resist the blandishments of would-be Christian suitors. Lady Roseberry was a Rothschild ; so was Lady Battersea. It is quite certain at any rate that there is a greater attraction between the opposite sexes of opposite races than there is between the opposite sexes of the same race. That these intermarriages are not more the rule than the exception is due first to lack of opportunity and secondly to the wonderful respect for parental feelings which is inherent in the Jew. The Jewish man has more opportunities away from home influence ; the Jewish girl is for ever with her mother.

II

The Sober Jew

There are many who sing the praises of the Jew because of his sobriety. Even his enemies are held to admit that the Hebrew is sober, industrious and law-abiding. There is nothing at all strange about this. What is surprising is the glib way in which everybody has come to regard these three habits as *virtues*. I venture to think that sobriety can be taken to a point where it ceases to be a virtue. Against that, however, it may be said that the drinking of alcohol ceases to be a virtue when carried to an extreme pint! Be that as it may. Certainly there can be no two views on the score of industry. To be acclaimed on the grounds of being a hard worker is surely the basest cynicism to which man may descend. Usually those who applaud industry have plenty of time in which to exercise it. Then, of course, when it suits the political cry of the moment "industry" can be as easily altered to "sweating" as Rabbi to Roberts.

Sobriety in the Jew is not a virtue; it is an accident. Or at the most it is but a negative

virtue since he makes no conscious sacrifice in the matter of alcohol.

As for education that is another matter.

On these three mighty pillows rests society
On Education, Charity, and Piety.

says the Jewish book. The Jew makes sacrifices so far as education is concerned. His so-called charity is a debatable point, as we shall see; his piety is a fraud and his sobriety a physical failing. In all the testimonials he writes about himself the Jew never fails to underline the "virtue" of his sobriety. Yet, if he but knew it, the Jew harms himself by this natural repugnance to the higher forms of taking refreshment. He may boast of his powers of assimilation, but he has failed to keep in touch with the natives of his adopted countries, because he is unable to be of them in their national habits. The average Englishman is not a drunkard; but he likes his occasional drink; it is in the club and saloon that sociability is encouraged and men get to know one another. Go to any of the London clubs and you shall scarcely find a Jew drinking with his club associates. He remains apart, self-conscious and unhappy, a member of the club and yet not of it.

This is an undoubted error. I do not suggest that the Jew should seek to abandon his habit of sobriety, but I do ask him to step down a little from the dizzy and unstable heights of Prohibition.

As regards his being industrious and law-abiding: he is industrious, first because of necessity, and secondly because of his innate desire for comfort and position. If additional proof were needed that the Jew belongs to the Orient it could be obtained by analysing the reasons for his so-called virtues. Like the Eastern he adores display and splendour, he simply loves to lord it over his less fortunate fellows and exhibit his wealth lavishly and ostentatiously.

* * * * * *

There are several stages in the Jew's desire to ascend the social scale. On his arrival at the land of his adoption he works hard because he must. With the memory of past hardships it is comparative Paradise just to work hard and remain free from the torment of his inquisitors. He is then derided as a sweater when, as a fact, he should inspire the sympathy of the better placed. The actual sweater is his East-end master. The Whitechapel Jewish sweater is in turn sweated by the owners of the well-lighted City and West-end shops, with their smartly dressed, smug-looking, hypercritical shop-managers. These are the actual sweaters.

The fact remains, however, that the habit of overworking cannot be thrown off even when opportunity occurs to do so. Even in these enlightened days the sweating in the East-end

dens is colossal. Small wonder then that when the opportunity offers itself the Jew takes dangerous steps to free himself from the toils and become one of the sweating upper ten himself.

* * * * * *

He often manages to attain this better position. It is indeed amazing and inexplicable how the Jew from abroad manages to "get on." To suggest that it is industry pure and simple would be as trivial and untrue as the statement that perseverance wins. It depends along what lines you persevere. The Jew's method of getting on would no more withstand the search-light of public enquiry than would the machinations of the average speculator and business man. All that may be said about him is that he takes full advantage of the abuses with which society abounds. He knows the ropes, the weak points—and he takes the risks. He is sometimes, as the law reports show, bowled over in common with his Christian friends; but it is beyond dispute that he is game enough to run risks which are likely to land him in the end.

So much for his sobriety and industry.

That he is law-abiding cannot be gainsaid. But what is meant by the term law-abiding; and, given a virtuous definition to the vague expression, why is he law-abiding? Let us for the purpose of this analysis give credit for being

law-abiding to those who manage to remain outside the court of Law. The subtle law-breaker is given as much credit as the person who achieves success by righteous means.

The careless law-breaker is a foolish person, since his exploits result in the law's descending on him with a heavy hand. Only fools break the law ; the wise man gets round it.

* * * * * * *

The Jew is no fool.

* * * * * * *

As regards being charitable let me at this juncture give the following extract from an American Jewish paper, quoted by an English Jewish journal. It is headed " A Word to Our Rich."

" The following from the *American Israelite* brings us into closer identity with our contemporary's opinion [says the Jewish newspaper] than anything we have read in its columns for some time past :

' The rich Jews of London need educating in the art of giving. As has been previously stated, the London Jews' College, the only institute in Great Britain for the education of rabbis, is eking out a pitiful existence without sufficient funds to function properly. The Board of Guardians is, or was, on the eve of being forced to turn over to the civil authorities the task of relief of those who were in distress through inability to procure employment, and to reduce the dole of widows and orphans. In answer to a public appeal, Lord Bearsted comes forth with a promise to give £1,000 if nine other sums of a like amount, or eighteen sums of £500 each, be given by other

donors. This will cause the leaders of American Jewish charities to smile. London has a large number of rich, very rich, Jews, but they have not been educated in the art of giving for Jewish philanthropic purposes. They have much to learn in this regard.'

" If the leaders of American Jewish charities are inclined to smile at Lord Bearsted's proposal, they will burst out into loud laughter now that we tell them that his offer has been before the Jewish public for some weeks, and still remains open. Indeed, it does not seem to have been very seriously considered except by the House of Rothschild, which appears to be, in the minds of so many, an institution for vicariously performing the community's charitable work. All honour to it [concludes the Jewish newspaper] that it does so ; but it is distinctly not to the credit of the community."

It would seem, then, that the fables about the Jews include some of their alleged virtues as well as vices. The old ideas concerning Jewry must be brought up-to-date. This is, indeed, one of the chief reasons why I have written this book.

III

In the Train

There was a man in the seat opposite me. There always is ; but I never notice my fellow-passengers, so absorbed am I in contemplating the landscape. I forgo other luxuries in order to have a restful, comfortable journey in a first-class carriage ; and I find, usually, that it is the best luxury of all. On this occasion, however, I was inwardly remarking on the absence of a certain starling which always seemed to wait for the 9.45 express along the line, when I heard a gentle noise in the carriage. I heard it distinctly, although I did not permit it to interrupt me in my search for my winged friend.

I scanned the landscape anxiously—and heard the noise again in the carriage. For a moment I permitted myself the phantasy that my favourite starling had by some means or other obtained access to the carriage and was now going to initiate a closer acquaintance. But it was a clicking noise I heard, and starlings don't click. So I turned and beheld one of the Chosen in the corner seat. To describe

his expression is beyond me. I will only say that he was engaged in the joyous occupation of picking his teeth, blithely unconscious of me and yet obviously conscious of being in such comfortable surroundings, where he could pick his teeth in peace.

He was an honest man, inasmuch as he had a first-class ticket ; but he himself, his unshaven face and his frayed coat, belonged to the fourth class. He was of that ever-increasing crowd of permanent visitors from Russia, Poland and other homes of culture and civilization. There he never had a reasonable chance of picking his teeth ; he was making up for it now.

* * * * * *

I have no objection at all to the cleaning of teeth. I am told it is perfectly hygienic and yet I suppose it would have been unwarrantable interference on my part if I had suggested to him that he could more fittingly engage upon these operations at home. Probably he had been in a hurry that morning and left in a panic for fear he should lose his train. I wanted to suggest to him, however, that it would have been far nicer (for me at any rate) if he had lost his train and found his manners.

The worst of watching a man picking his teeth is that you begin to hate him unreasonably. . . . The clicking became so irregular, and once a little of the debris came flying in my direction. . .

Thank Heaven, however, the ordeal soon came to an end. Having excavated the molars, the wisdom tooth, and the rest, he carefully wiped the toothpick, a common or garden pin . . . and began to pick his ears.

Really I wish that errant bird had not failed me this morning. I am sure I would not have permitted the bad man's clickings to have disturbed me from my admiration of my winged redeemer. . .

Mr. Dubokoski having eliminated the wax and what else from his ears carefully wiped the prop on the collar of his coat and fell to picking his teeth again.

* * * * * *

Now why have I gone to such a length in describing Mr. Dubokoski and his singular toilet ? Simply because he is a type of Jew who is loathsome. But mark you he is a coarse alien and just as loathsome to the cultured Jew as he is to the Britisher who probably never cleans his teeth at all.

But let me tell you how easy it is to permit one's prejudice to blind one to reason. On the very next day I travelled up with another fat, slimy man, who should have travelled in a cattle truck rather than a closed carriage, and his antics were similar to those of Mr. Dubokoski. I hated him as I hated his alien brother. But he was a good old Britisher whose upbringing in England was as unfortunate as Mr. Duboko-

ski's upbringing in Poland. . . . I had found myself (emulating the anti-Semite) associating those vile habits exclusively with the "Jew alien," instead of which they were part and parcel of common and uncouth men in general.

* * * * * *

There was another instance in a similar journey from the sea to London. A party of Jews occupied the carriage. They were foreigners and spoke the discordant tongue of their native lands. In a secret outburst of intolerance (oh, human weakness!) I wished they would take their damned language back to their own lands. Then—horrors!—they began to speak in English, a heavy, broken discord which drove me nearly frantic.

A friend who was with me thought fit to interpret my thought.

"English as she is spoke," he whispered, nudging me.

* * * * * *

As we left the station a party of good old English people passed. One was saying:

"I up and axed 'er ter sye somethink."

"Wot she sye?"

"I ainter goin' ter sye nothink."

* * * * * *

"English as she is spoke," I whispered back to my friend.

* * * * * *

However, this book is about the Chosen Race

and not "Gawd's country" or the land that rules the waves!

The difficulty of expression in the alien is no bar to his success in business. I wish I could tell in the proper dialect the story of the old Russian Jew who was offered the post of commissionaire to a synagogue ("Shammus" they call it) out of pure kindness but was finally turned down because he was utterly illiterate. His patrons might have overlooked the lack of other qualifications except his inability to read or write. He could not even sign his name. Since he would be made responsible for collecting subscriptions his illiteracy was a fatal bar. So they gave the utterly dejected man a few pounds as compensation, and with the money he started business. It was not very long before he became extremely successful. One day, wishing to obtain a temporary overdraft of £5,000 from his bank, he called on the manager.

"Certainly, sir," replied that worthy, and getting the usual form he asked his client to sign.

"Me not able sign my name," was the response to this invitation.

"What!" said the astonished bank manager, adding with unfeigned admiration: "If you were able to build up such an immense business and yet not be able to sign your name, what would you have been if you had been able to read and write!"

Back shot the reply in the sing-song tone so well-known in Jewry :

" A Shammus ! "

* * * * * *

Personally I have a certain amount of envy and admiration for the foreign Jews who have made good. Usually business people—non-Jews —have made good at my expense and when I see, arising from the broken foreign wrecks who come to these shores, keen and hardy business men, I certainly do not feel like joining in the carping chorus of jealous and less successful tradesmen.

But perhaps that is because I am not a business man. A Jewish friend of mine tells me that he is unable to concur in this favourable judgment on the alien business man. Said he rather bitterly :

" If you had dealings with the scum who, after running up bills, go ' default '—only to open up business under another name—you would have precious little sympathy with them."

* * * * * *

The main topic of conversation of the Jews in the train is business. Would they were a little self-conscious in this respect and realised how utterly distasteful is this continual badinage (indulged in the broken tongue) on their private affairs. I had perforce to listen to the argument of four Jewish young men all the way from

Brighton to London on a matter affecting a five-and-sixpenny discount.

* * * * * *

But there has been enough written about the Jewish invasion of Brighton although, strangely enough, the complainants are usually just as undesirable fellow passengers as the despised aliens.

IV

Jealous Jews

A Canadian friend of mine, discussing his future prospects as a journalist in London, said to me: "Lord Beaverbrook has a great admiration for you—but I'm a Canadian!"

He meant that although the powerful newspaper proprietor's admiration for my services meant much, the fact alone of his being a kinsman of his meant everything. And he was perfectly correct. The Canadians, like the Britishers and most other races, are clannish. They cling to each other in fellowship and in distress—help each other as good masons.

I find that there is a widespread impression that this human comradeship is inherent in the Jew. Nothing could be further from the facts. Like most subject races the Jew, fearful of his opponent, is suspicious and jealous of his kindred. Oppression in the past has brought out and developed his worst characteristics—an unhappy consequence of the oppression which may be observed in subject races all the world over.

The Jewish "Koran" says—but vainly—

The man that shares a congregation's grief
Shall live to see its comfort and relief.

The gradual emancipation of the Jew is happily destroying those habits in him which still make the term Jew an opprobrium—just as in the Near East the term of contempt is "Levantine."

These races around the Levant have fared as badly as the Jew at the hands of their tormentors, and they reveal the same mean manners which are an abomination to decent mankind. . .

That the Jew has a love of home is indisputable. Like the coster he loves to sing about his mother and the roses "rarnd" the door. The most callous Jew has an affection for sister and brother which is extraordinarily like the good people on the moving pictures. Go whither he will—and of course he goes to the furthest corners of the earth—he never forgets the old people at home. In this, as in all other respects, he indicates his inherent associations with the East.

The barefooted Arab goes half crazy when one of his kith and kin dies. And he makes as much ceremony of the burial proceedings as does the Jew—about which more anon.

The self-sacrifice of the Jewish mother is noble and moving. Indeed, in the whole review of the modern Jew the Jewish mother

comes out top. With the exception that among a certain class of Jews she permits herself to grow coarse, stout and ungainly with motherhood, there is nothing that even the most caustic critic could cavil about. She will most probably regret, and yet agree with, the strictures I have to pass on the " British " generation of Jews.

She will be first to admit the insensate jealousy among Jews. Each wishes to shine; each desires a little more sugar in the plum than the other has. Even to-day the Jew respects the Gentile in preference to his fellow Jews. As an illustration of this I may be permitted to recall an amusing story which Walter Emmanuel, the famous *Punch* humorist, told me some years ago. Two men—strangers to each other—were travelling in a first-class carriage. One was polished and well-dressed; the other —a Jew—of a seemingly lower stratum of society. He sat huddled in his corner, supersensitive and self-conscious. He tried to take up as little room as possible. . . . Suddenly the well-dressed man said: " What time is the Sabbath in? " The meaner man looked up in sudden enlightenment. " Ah—a Yid! " he exclaimed, stretching himself in relief, *and putting both feet on the opposite seat.*

Walter Emmanuel told this as a light story against himself—as Jews are so stupidly fond of doing. But to me it definitely and pathet-

ically illustrates the true psychology of the Jew. In the Gentile's presence he was respectful and self-effacing; but a fellow Jew—oh, *he* didn't matter!

Here is another apt illustration. A certain writer once gave a lecture to a Jewish debating society. After the lecture a little fat man with a beard came over to greet him.

"Sir," said the little fat man, "do you remember reading a review of your book in the 'Jew-Jew'?"

"Yes," replied the author, "I remember it perfectly, for it was so overwhelming in its flattery."

"I wrote that," said the little fat man, jerking his head.

"Delighted for such a service from a fellow Jew," said the author.

"Oh," said the reviewer, his head drooping, "you are a Jew, too."

The sequel, the author told me, was amusing. The next book he published was reviewed in a most familiar manner by his one-time hero-worshipper until gradually it became painfully and patronisingly offensive.

"You see, I was only a Jew," added my friend with a wry smile.

Personally I have never met a Jew who showed deference to a fellow Jew; neither have I met one who was clannish to the point of helping another without writing to the papers about it.

And yet the benevolence of the Jew is proverbial. He has a Jewish Board of Guardians which, even among Jews, has a reputation of creating schnorrers—beggars of a particularly cunning type. To obtain help from these Jewish benevolent institutions you must degrade and demean yourself. There is nothing a Jew likes more than your complete subserviency to him. Like the self-made man who becomes an over-bearing brute when he reaches a position above the rest of his *confrères* he, as a member of a self-made race, becomes a terror to those who are still down. Let a poor Jew apply for a dole from one of the very much self-belauding benevolent institutions, and he or she (very often it is an aged Russian or Polish woman) is looked upon as an impostor trying to obtain relief under false pretences. The most intimate questions are fired at her—the truth of every one of which is carefully investigated before the pittance is allowed. No wonder the poor Jew regards his benevolent institutions with as much horror as the Gentile regards the so-called "charity" of the workhouse.

Probably—I do not know—there is due reason for the mistrust in which the dolers-out of charity regard the unfortunate applicants. It was one of the famous house of Montagu who once told me that, since his charitableness became known, big queues of Jewish beggars formed up outside his private residence.

" My business address is not enough," he said. " They must needs come to my home."

* * * * * * *

I sympathised with Mr. Yiddle Montagu, but I thought I detected, when he told me his grievance, the old spirit of contempt of the rich Jew for the poor. You may find this spirit in that good old British Jew, Mr. Yiddle Zangwill, who was educated in a Jews' *Free* School himself. This erstwhile old East-ender sniffs—and, my, he *can* sniff !—at his old East-end associates. This is how he talks about a poor old Jew who called on him.

" At first I told the parlourmaid I would not see the stranger from London, so angry was I at this increasing practice of intrusion into my rural privacy ; this unheralded descent by the ill-timed train that brought beggars and bores to my door in the very middle of the luncheon hour . . . My soul was yet bitter with the memory of the gaunt, hollow-eyed lady who only the week before had profited by her opportunity to pour out for two hours on end—as if in emulation of the rain without—a tragic torrent of words, a pitiless, pitiful flow, unrelieved even by a comma, some sordid but unintelligible tale of a shell-shocked son in a lunatic asylum. . . . The one compensation the war brought me—I used to tell myself grimly—was that it cut off the bulk of my callers from quartering themselves upon me for the night, for they were mainly aliens, friendly or neutral, and the coast was a ' prohibited area.' [Then why did they not prohibit Zangwill ?] For this is a Jewish type, assertive that ' all Israel are brethren,' and insistent on its right to travel and study at the fraternal expense, without even preliminary consultation. My visitor was

visibly of this high-handed order. Futile to ask him ' Am I my brother's keeper ? ' I should at the very least have to pay his fare back to London."

And Yiddle Zangwill is one of the pillars of Judaism. A pillow of thorns !

V

The Too-Clever-By-Far-Race

If I had wished to choose a more comprehensive title for my book I should have called it "The Too-Clever-By-Far Race." Rather cumbersome, but definitely expressive of the wonderful Jewish race. As I have indicated elsewhere, I have no great respect for book scholarship. I am unable to summon up respect for bowed shoulders or cadaverous cheeks. I abominate whiskers and long hair. Alas, your orthodox Jew has all these. His be-all and end-all in life are the same as those of the Easterner—to be wise and fear God.

The Jews place scholarship first and foremost among the virtues. The "Talmud" is full of exhortations to booklearning:

> *A Student's like the seed the sod below,*
> *Which, once it sprouts, will sprout and heavenwards grow.*

The only thing I've noticed sprouting on a Jewish student is his whiskers; and they do not grow heavenwards.

Again :

Who fails his knowledge to increase
Is sure to see his knowledge cease.

Or :

Scholars in the world increase
Sweetest harmony and peace.

Ye gods of the Canaanites ! Harmony and peace—just read the Jewish journals !

The apple of the Mohammedan eye is the youth who is able to recite from the " Koran." I once heard such a boy—he was a veritable ragamuffin, no stockings, boots or *kuftan*—recite a long passage from the sacred book. We were held up in a train at a wayside station in Upper Egypt. Travelling with us were several Egyptian and Turkish men of rank. They were laughing, chatting and drinking gaily when this boy, outside the carriage window, began his eloquent oration. The Mohammedans stopped suddenly and listened with pride and wonderment. The boy seemed unconscious of the furore he was creating and harangued an imaginary audience with a fine and fervid appeal. When he had finished the noblemen applauded him.

Somebody asked the lad what the passage meant. The lad expressed his ignorance, surprised somewhat at such an absurd question. . . . All he knew was that it came from the

" Koran " and that that was the way his teacher recited it . . .

The Jewish lad is very much like his Eastern brother. It will probably surprise the Gentile to know that very few Jews—even the most orthodox—have more than an inkling of the meaning of the prayers they say. Indeed the most intelligible prayer uttered in the course of a long and wearisome service is the Prayer for the Royal Family, which is recited with a foreign accent in English.

It is pathetic to listen to this sombre and sincerely recited prayer by a man who cannot speak the English tongue. And yet it is the only arresting prayer in the whole Jewish service. The Hebrew language is indeed a dead language, and since all Jewish services are conducted in that tongue they have therefore become totally devoid of spiritual meaning. That the average Jew is altogether uninspired by the Jewish service will not be contradicted. If it is, I will ask my unbiassed reader to go and observe for himself. Talking, laughing, gaping and, when prayers are said at all, they are rushed through at such a rate that, even were the language intelligible to the supplicant, they could mean nothing to him. One is inclined to call them ragtime prayers. If they were said in English they would sound something like this :

" Ithangodmercikindanothingamen."

I will go so far as to say that the Jews who attend their service do so purely as a matter of form and that their claim to be religious is hypocritical and hollow. Even the reader, or parson, gabbles through the service at express rate as if he would get home as soon as possible to his breakfast. The chanter, too, is more concerned in exercising and exhibiting his vocal prowess . . . and drawing his pay.

At these services the Jew, true again to his Eastern origin separates the women from the men. A woman is permitted to accompany her husband as far as the synagogue gates, but there they are parted. On no account is she permitted to pray with him at her side. But from her exclusive compartment upstairs, behind a grille, she is able to look down upon him, although it would be a heinous offence for them to exchange glances.

The atmosphere of the majority of synagogues is even worse than the pervading spirit. It is the same sort of putrid air one has breathed in many mosques out East. The old fetish of stained glass windows is followed by the Jews. These windows, too, are invariably shut tight against the offending fresh air. . . . Pious old men are incessantly snuff-taking, sneezing and vigorously blowing their noses.

I believe these old gallants really enjoy the psalm singing at the end. And I suggest it would be far better to permit them this pretty

privilege, undisputed by professional choristers, whom I have sometimes seen eating during the intervals of singing.

* * * * * *

I mentioned that Jewish services are conducted in mystic Hebrew. There is an exception to this rule—that is, the Reform or Liberal synagogue. These reformers are not at all popular among the rank and file of Jewry. The bitterness and intolerance of which the Jew is capable can be seen in the attitude he adopts towards these reformers. Just as the two Jewish newspapers exhibit their brotherly hate, just as the Zionists hated the Itoists, so the alleged orthodox Jews point the trembling finger of scorn at those who wish to bring the antiquated ceremonials up to date.

I do not pretend to have studied these reforms closely, but I know enough to be able to echo the feeling of despairing Jewry when I exclaim : " Reform—or die ! "

* * * * * *

It is interesting at this juncture to glance briefly at the reasons which have created such an unbrotherly charm between one set of Jews and another. The New Jew is out for a broader interpretation of Judæan principles. The Jewish Religious Union, the ruling spirit of which is Mr. C. G. Montefiore, stands for a Sabbath

service in which changes are introduced, such as men and women sitting together, or a large predominance of the vernacular, or the use of English hymns.

These reformers declared that it was " legitimate, Jewish and desirable " for these changes to be wrought. But they reckoned without the Jewish fanatics who denounced them as un-Jewish. It was " disruptive, needless and dangerous." Any tinkering with the hoary and obsolete services was regarded as provocative and upsetting. But the reformers insisted on freeing themselves from " the heavy bondage or Rabbinical law " and founded their own synagogue. Said the reforming Jews : " We stand for the conception that religion is progressive. However much we owe to and draw from the past, we cannot be bound to it, or to a certain product of it, in the sense that we are to see exactly as it saw. Religion grows. The Judaism of to-day will, we trust, be found inferior in many things to the Judaism of two hundred years hence. Our descendants will profit from our thoughts and feelings and experience ; will advance upon them and beyond them. The idea of development, for which we stand, is inconsistent with the absolute authority and final perfection of a particular Book."

Since then, the orthodox Jews have left the leader of the reformers, Mr. Montefiore, who is a pillar of intellectual strength in Jewry, no peace.

No wonder the veteran Jewish scholar, Dr. Gaster, was moved to exclaim:

"We Jews are often very intolerant of one another, and in matters of religion we are like mediæval theologians. Instead of fighting principles we fight personalities, and if we see a man like Mr. Montefiore not interfering with the work of the A.J.A., it is only just and right that we should express our thanks and our deep appreciation of the grand example which he thereby sets to others and to those who will succeed him in the Chair."

Fellowship isn't in it!

VI

Moses at Law

If the Court hath seized thy garment
Which to thee doth not belong,
Go upon thy way rejoicing
That repaired hath been the wrong!

Talmud.

The law-abiding Jew, who, nevertheless, has to take recourse to law always strikes me as being in the position of a "national" in some of our Protectorates or dependencies. In Egypt, for instance, we had, or used to have, "Mixed Courts," "European Courts," "Native Courts" and so on; a condition of things which was open to grave abuse. However, I told fully of these things in my book "With Kitchener in Cairo," which suffered for its outspokenness at the hands of officialdom in Egypt as my novel "A Singular People" suffered for a similar reason at the hands of "British" Jewry. Suffice it to say here that there is much to be said in favour of being tried by one's own nationals—not peers mark you, for the jury system, a sop to democracy, is, as we have seen illustrated time and again, illogical

and inefficient. It is another thing, however, to be tried by a learned and upright judge who is a member of your own race. Not because of the sympathy he naturally would have for the prisoner, but for the peculiar understanding he would have in meeting out justice. An accused person is by no means sentenced on the evidence alone or on points of law. His demeanour in the box goes a long way towards deciding whether he shall be merely given " forty shillings or a month " or " three months hard without the option." The Jew usually cuts a pretty poor figure in the dock or in the witness box. Fortunately for him the majority of British judges and magistrates are broad-minded and tolerant ; otherwise it would go harder still with the foreign-born Jew who appears before him.

The Jew of British birth comes under a slightly different heading here. He understands the lingo well enough to reduce his handicap of race to a minimum. But the foreign-born Jew, with his mutilated English, only serves to emphasize his inferiority among human beings for having permitted himself to be born outside the British Isles. To be a foreigner is bad enough ; to be a Jew well nigh intolerable.

And this much must be said. The type of foreign-born Jew who is known to be a litigious person, is a distinct type. There is another type of foreign Jew who would as soon go to law as he would to a pork feast. I have drawn him

at some length in my Jewish novel " A Singular People," to which I take the liberty of referring the reader who is at all interested in this most pathetic specimen of suffering humanity.

Here I am concerned with his very bad brother. For him the average Jew himself has no use. In fact he is so incensed against him as to appear most unbrotherly in his attitude towards him. This type of Jew is not only litigious ; he is positively lawless. He is base, cynical and smart to the *nth* degree. In his baseness he outdoes Old Nick himself, in his cynicism he outshines Machiavelli, and in smartness he puts in the shade the greatest of all English bucket-shop promoters. Taking as his code that of his late oppressors, mixing them a little with the more moderate smartness or trickery of his new English nighbours, he plans skilfully and artfully how to " do " anybody who is foolish enough to do business with him. When he comes or is brought to law, he lies like a pork and bean traveller. Here, indeed, one sees the need for a bench of Jewish judges to deal with him, and, from what I know, they would deal very shortly and sharply with him. As it is, the foreign-born Jew makes a laughing stock of himself, his race and the Court itself. Listening to a case in the High Court in which the prosecutor, the defendant and all the witnesses were foreign-born Jews, I was amazed at the effrontery of the witnesses ; not one of them, it was obvious, told

the truth. It would be far better if such cases were referred to the "Jewish Court" which is established among orthodox Jews for such disputes.

In nearly all these cases, too—allegations of theft, fraud or libel—there is an extravagant use of abuse or praise the like of which, again, is only comparable with the evidence usually heard in the Eastern courts.

Here are a few Jewish cases, heard in the English courts, taken at random from some of them :

Mr. Yiddle sued for damages for slander. He alleged that defendant had called him a robber and a thief, who was cheating his brothers and sisters out of their father's estate. The defence was that the words were true in substance and fact.

(Mark the brazen defence, typical of the foreign-born Jew.)

The slander was uttered in Yiddish, and was :

"I am a dead enemy of Mr. Yiddle, who is playing a game with me, as he does with his brothers and sisters, robbing them of their estate.

"He is a thief and a rogue, and the biggest swine out. I hate him."

(The "robber," the "dead enemy" and "playing a game" are distinct colloquialisms of that set.)

A witness said the defendant had called Mr. Yiddle a rogue, a thief and a swine. Counsel,

seeing an opening for a laugh, which he duly obtained, said :

" A rather offensive name to call a Jew " and the reply was : " I should think it is."

Note the emphasis of the witness's evidence. This type of Jew is full of emphasis and exaggeration. His trenchant hyperbole is due, of course, to his Eastern imagination. Where he does not embroider his facts or actually invent them, he permits his imagination to supply any deficiency. He not only lies like the very deuce, but he has a gift of logic that bestows a certain air of probability on the crudest fairy story. Let counsel on his side but suggest the answer he requires and it is there, full of wonderful circumstance and colour. This " set," however, invariably rehearses the evidence it has to offer and it is all plain sailing—lie against lie—differing only from the old-time " men of straw " in so far as the inducement to give evidence is personal spite rather than personal gain.

In a claim for damages brought by a tailor against a merchant for personal injuries caused by the negligent driving of a motor-car, the judge exclaimed : " Somebody is telling appalling lies." The defence was that it was not defendant's car which had caused the accident, or that if it was the car had been used without his knowledge. The defendant refused to give evidence, but he had told the police that he was in London at the time of the accident. After evi-

dence had been given counsel for defendant spoke to his client and then said that he did not propose to go on with the case. In giving judgment for £750 damages, with costs, the Judge said that there was abundant proof that it was defendant's motor-car which inflicted the injuries, that he was inside the car, and that it was driven in a highly negligent manner by his authority.

No wonder he was moved to exclaim that somebody was telling appalling lies. He should have said "barefaced" lies. Any ordinary liar might have pleaded that the accident was due to the carelessness of the pedestrian or that far from exceeding the speed limit he was just crawling along, but that sort of fabrication is too third-rate—too "soppy," as this type of man terms it. To say that it could not have been your car, that it was in fact a million miles away at the time from the scene of the accident—that is a lie worth inventing!

Mr. Yiddle will, in fact, swear anything that pays. That is why he has a long way to go before he can sit at the same table as the higher order of Jew—the "British" Jew.

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Naturally the grotesque anti-Semite makes the most of this weak point in the Jewish armour. He has, as I have indicated, a sufficiently large and fair field from which to choose his missiles; instead of which he goes fingering among the

garbage for a weapon which will serve its own shady political ends.

Referring to a libel action which amused everybody except the parties concerned, an anti-Semite, quite upset by the result, says :

" The only thing which did not seem clear and straight about the trial was the verdict. It amounted to a verdict for the defendants but the jury did not say so straight out.

" This at once caused some innocent persons to suspect that there were Bolsheviks on the panel. There the suspicion might have remained had not a juryman (or Jewryman) let the cat out of the bag in a letter published in a British newspaper, that *seven out of the twelve were Jews !*

" Now in the course of the trial almost nothing had been said about the Jews. The word ' Yiddish ' had been mentioned and the names of Jews like Marx and Trotsky had been introduced, but the fact of their being Jews was not mentioned. But for all that, the tribal consciousness had felt itself involved in the issues, and by some occult means, which we do not pretend to understand, Jews found themselves in a majority on the jury empanelled. We cannot help thinking that the solicitors for the defence were at fault in failing to challenge the Jews and insisting that as Englishmen the defendants should be tried by their ' peers,' which Jews are certainly not. Perhaps if they had been an English firm instead of a Jewish firm (Lewis & Lewis), they might have done so.

" Anyway, Mr. J. Krakoner wrote a letter to the Press, dated November 17th and published November 22nd, in which he made the startling admission about the jury, that seven of them ' follow the Jewish faith.'

" But he immediately cries out, like the little boy, ' It wasn't me, it was the other one ' who spoiled the verdict. There was, according to this Jew, one mule of a Christian who ' was sworn on the New Testament ' and it was he who

made all the trouble. We don't question it, and we are much obliged to Mr. Krakoner for telling us. All the same, trial by jury is becoming extinct and we are clearly in for an era of 'Trial by Jewry' in its place. A Jew Lord Chief Justice, a Jew Judge Schwabe for India, etc., etc. England's Justiciary is very little short of a *Beth Din* already."

It will be observed here that, with the characteristic desire to placate his enemy, a Jew writes publicly a hostile newspaper to "explain" matters.

The Jewish reply to this is naturally an indignant one :

"We regret extremely [says a Jewish journal] to read the letter from Mr. James Krakoner. The writer of it was a juryman in the action which Mr. Watson brought last week against our contemporary. In that action, the Judge left three questions to the jury. But they would not say that the words which our contemporary published concerning the plaintiff were true in substance and in fact or not ; they said that the comments were fair and published in good faith on a matter of public interest, and they would not award any damages. This appears to have been deemed to be an unsatisfactory verdict for the *Morning Post*, and Mr. Krakoner writes to say that he thinks he overheard a remark in the Court to the effect that no other verdict could have been expected from a jury, seven of whom were Jews. He then proceeds to explain that it was only through the mule-like obstinacy of

one member of the jury that it was unable to answer in favour of the *Morning Post* the first question put to it by the Judge, or to award damages ; and he points out that that member was sworn on the New Testament, and therefore, presumably, was a non-Jew. He goes on to assure our contemporary that what he calls ' the Jewish members ' of the jury were very anxious to return a different verdict.

" Now we consider this letter highly improper from the judicial point of view, because a jury's verdict, once given, is the verdict of the whole of the jury, and not any section of it. If it is a wrong verdict, an experienced judge like Mr. Justice Darling, who presided at the trial, would know what course to take about it, while if the verdict, although against the evidence, was acted upon by the Judge, there is an Appeal Court to set it right. But we deem Mr. Krakoner's letter reprehensible from another point of view. Men who serve on a jury do so as citizens, irrespective of their faith or their race, and it is contrary to the public interest to differentiate, as he does, between non-Jews and Jews when performing a common civic service. We have enough of this differentiation from the enemies of our people, from those who favour the attitude towards Jews adopted by our contemporary. Jews themselves should know better ; and any Jew should, in our view, have preferred to rest under the imputation of having

given an imperfect verdict rather than, in the matter of Mr. Krakoner, seek to show that it was the fault of a Christian and not of Jews that the *Morning Post* did not get the full verdict he thinks (and may be rightly) it fully deserved."

The really amusing part of this controversy is the continued advertisement given to a newspaper whose attacks on Jews have the much-desired effect of bringing in more Jewish readers and inspiring more Jewish "puffs."

* * * * * *

And you further observe the result of Mr. Krakoner's explanation :

"And what is *Beth Din?*" [goes on the anti-Semitic gentleman]. "There are two divisions in the world government by Jewry—the judicial and the executive. The judicial department of the secret government of the Jew nation is the *Beth Din.* This is the branch that carries out the legal government both within the tribe and without. This grants divorces to Jews and Jewesses. This is the part which strives to alter the English laws so as to make divorce as easy in the Law of England as it is to Jews before *Beth Din.* This is the power in Jewry which is now striving to legalise the marriage of a widow with her deceased husband's brother, since it is quite lawful, and in some cases compulsory, according to the Talmud. This is the power which screened Dreyfus and all the other Judases of the tribe. The other branch of the secret Jewish Government of the Learned Elders of Israel is the executive branch, the *Kahal.* This is the power which forms cabinets, selects prime ministers, ambassadors, and all the leading officials in all the Governments, which promotes revolutions, spreads Bolshevism and forms societies, workmen's councils, shop

stewards, labour leaders, secret police and financial advisers to all departments of all states. And as trial by jury is being superseded by trial by ' Jewry ' or *Beth Din*, so is England's ' government *of* the people *by* the people ' steadily becoming superseded, where it has not already become so, by government of England by the *Kahal*."

All of which might have better achieved its purposes if it had been a little more level-headed.

VII

The "Flashboy"

Nothing is more descriptive to the East-end Jew than the term "flashboy."

The flashboy is a species of coster-knut, the like of which is never seen outside the Pale.

The combination of coster characteristics with those of the knut is an extraordinary one. They appear at first to be contradictory elements, inasmuch as the knut is usually a mild fop, whereas the coster is anything but mild. He carries himself with a certain self-conscious hauteur which brooks no chaff from the envious.

Both the flashboy and the knut overdress; but the coster, pure and simple, takes a certain naïve pride in his "get-up" of pearl, which distinguishes him from the flashboy. I am not certain whether his prototype can be beheld outside Jewry; I have an inkling that he is to be found in the Old Kent Road as well as in Petticoat Lane; I am certain, however, that among East-end Jewry he is a distinct type and that those outside the Pale are milk-and-watery imitations.

The Jewish flashboy is "the goods." He is a lad, a "mivvy," a man about town, a "one" with the girls, a "kernel."

He wears the swankiest clothes ever conceived by an East-end tailor for the West-end shops ; his neck, his chest, his fingers all flash with the sparkliest diamonds ever drawn from the wondrous mines of the redoubtable Solly Joel.

The flashboy is not an idle braggart either. Therein he may " put it acraws " both coster and knut. The flashboy may overdress and overpreen ; but he usually has something to swank about. His most common achievement is dancing. He has the soul, the movement, the grace and the instinct for dancing as no one else has. The Jewish flashboy is in fact the dancer *par excellence*. New dances attach themselves to his dancing soul as a child to its mother's breast. The most complicated new steps are absurdly easy to him. Especially if they are " raggy." Why, the importation of rumpetty-jumpetty tunes from Niggerland might have come direct from Jerusalem, so natural do they appear to him. I once watched half a dozen young Jewish flashboys on the parade of an English seaside resort. They were well-groomed, good-looking, healthy young men and if it weren't for the sequel I am about to tell, you would have taken them for over-spirited 'Varsity students although there was a certain loud air about their general demeanour which belonged more to Cambridge-road than Cambridge. However, they put aside all doubts concerning their identity by stopping at the first patch of grass.

Then they began to dance. Two of them made up a vocal "orchestra" while the other two pairs gave an exhibition of the very latest in "rags." And after you got over the bewilderment of this offence against purely conventional taste you were bound to stay on and admire the most exquisite dancing imaginable. They outshone any stage "star" dancers I have ever seen. First one lad would take the part of the lady; then one of the "orchestra" would join in. Then one danced by himself. Another gave an imitation of Maud Allan.

By this time a crowd had collected, but the flashboys didn't mind. On the contrary, it added a zest to the fun. They now began a less pleasant performance of chaffing each other, exchanging hats and "taking liberties." . . . The artist in them was now completely submerged in the horseplay—or what is more succinctly described as "Yiddisher chine"; but ever and anon the chaffing and ruffianism would cease and a gentle graceful glide would be the prelude to another round of excellent dancing.

This type of flashboy is fairly admissible. Beyond his bad manners—which many would be prepared to excuse in face of his innate abilities—he is not at all a bad sort. It is another type of flashboy against whom the hand of the Jew himself is raised. He it is whose expensive tastes lead him on to the path of unrighteousness. He is altogether unlike the

flashboy dancer in so far as he has no legitimate occupation from which he may earn enough to maintain his expensive habits. (And by the way, it is not so well-known that the haberdashery trade is mostly favoured by the young modern Jew. The City is full of these young keen and energetic Jewish haberdashers who prefer this trade to tailoring.)

The other type of flashboy, alas, often runs amok. If I were a political economist I would be able to prove that the unfortunate circumstances of their early upbringing had something to do with their fall from grace; but since my purpose is just to describe what I have seen, I can only say it is a pity that the natural genius of these men is not utilised in a more commendable and more profitable direction.

Their unfortunate upbringing results, later on, in more recruits to the dangerous gangs of which one reads—outlaws who have no fear at all of the police.

Therefore, I may add even now, the display of military force by the police during the famous Sidney Street raid was of extreme benefit as a hint of the ultimate powers of Authority, and only those publicists who have no knowledge at all of the East-ender's psychology denounced it.

But I prefer to wander back from this sombre note to the other type of flashboy with his swagger, his diamonds and his dancing. This is the young man who would prove such an asset

to Jerusalem society—from a social and business standpoint. And I am sure that if he gave such a fine display of the terpsichorean art outside the Jaffa Gate as he did at Margate he would at once subdue the Arabs from a recalcitrant state to one of intense admiration.

VIII

Robustness of Race

It came as a shock to the dear folk of Old England to find that the "sturdy" sons of Britain were not so beefy and strong as the poet had it; that we had been made to sleep quietly in our beds, lulled by a lying song, what time poverty on the one hand and ignorance on the other were sapping the vitals of our manhood and our womanhood.

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood:
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
Oh, the roast beef of old England
And oh, the old English roast beef!

Few realise the pernicious propaganda in a simple song, which indeed may achieve far more damage than a thousand letters of Junius or the eloquence of a House full of Burkes.

I am sure that the people of England would have given anything to have been spared that dreaded disclosure—that we were in fact a C3 nation.

Say what you will, the first attribute of mankind is manliness. And to be manly one must be robust. It is true, as Shakespeare hits it off,

> " A terrible oath, with a swaggering accent, sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him."

But no feeble undersized man will venture on " a terrible oath with a swaggering accent " ; he is usually as mild as milk, as humble as Uriah Heep.

It is just as surprising, therefore, to find that Jewry, which is full of sportsmen, still lacks the robustness which makes or mars a race. The Oriental ages early and the Jew becomes old and decrepit before the Occidental has really begun to live. His aged are aged indeed. The bent back, the wrinkled face, the furrowed forehead, the inanimation, all reveal the ravages of an enigmatical life. What is the reason for this strange lack of robustness in the Jew ? He is, as we have seen, particular to the point of faddiness about his food ; he avoids such " vices " as alcoholic drinking and he prays to the Almighty.

In what direction, then, are his passions misspent ? Perhaps he over-smokes, over-prays, or maybe he has Solomon's love of variety in wives. That cannot be, however, since one of the Jew's righteous boasts is his fidelity, his love of home, wife and children. Perhaps, after all,

it is his daily incarceration in badly ventilated and crowded workshops. . . . Or perhaps he spends too much time at the pictures. . . .

* * * * * *

The modern Jew-boy is improving on all this. He is vacating the smelly, tailoring dens and is proving his prowess in boxing. Yet even so the orthodox Jew is not releasing his fanatical hold on his offspring, whom he still sends to filthy hovels to learn Hebrew under the tuition of illiterate snuff-besodden foreigners. From the schoolroom to these " chayders " and thence to the cramped synagogue—that is not the way to promote the physical welfare of Jewry and to bring out the very best of a submerged race.

The dancing flashboy is much to be preferred to this sorry type, although neither he nor the other obeys the dictum of the Talmud to unite " sacred study " to some " worldly occupation." The one is all too much concerned with the improvement of his brain, while the other is all for the development of his body. The one is all spiritual, the other all physical. The Jew, above all, ought to know how profound a mistake this is. For is it not written in the Book of Books :

All learning and all culture of the mind
When not with healthy manual work combined,
Will sooner, or will later, prove all vain,
And Sin will quickly follow in their train.

The last line is typically smug and hypocritical. It has the old mocking religious ring about it. " Beware lest you sin ! " is the cry when it should be " Beware lest you become a prig."

And the orthodox Jew is priggish, boorish and unmanly because he has the book-wise scholar's secret contempt for those who have not robbed the orchard of knowledge. He himself presents, God knows, a pathetic and pitiful figure. He is the butt of any normal minded lad. His hollow-eyed, cadaverous face should excite consolation but only inspires contempt, because one knows that the reason for this physical mess is a greed of knowledge ; just as the ridicule which the fat boy excites is due to his gluttony, so the mocking laughter which greets the " profound " Jew is a result of mental gluttony. In Jerusalem that type of Jew is still in the ascendant, although the new order of things may bring welcome relief—despite the opposition of the " British " Jews who wish to retain the best of all world.

As the Jewish professor Hertzel has said :

" Every Jew pedlar takes anti-Semitism with him into every country he enters with the pack on his back."

In Palestine I met the Jewish Problem face to face. It was an old Jew in a bowler hat with side whiskers and beard, bent back and staff. No wonder a young Syrian whom I met afterwards told me that the boys had " rare fun " with the " old Jews." Only he spoilt it by

reciting the sufferings of his own race at the hands of the Turk. It came rather ill from him. And I told him so.

The old Jew on his way to the " wailing wall " was a counterpart of the old Jew on his way to Petticoat Lane. He is an anachronism which few of the modern Jews have the moral strength to modernise. All they do is to send him more Talmuds with its obsolete moralisings, and occasional doles from subscribers who like to see public acknowledgment of their shillings in the Jewish press.

Let me tell my Jewish friends the gift which would come better from them and which would certainly have a wonderful effect. Let them send razors to Palestine. Only let those Talmudic Tarzans remove the hair from their faces and lo ! a new Jewry would arise.

Surely cleanliness is not incompatible with learning. They may still read the Book of Books; they may still wail ; they may go on being profound and wise. Only they would indicate a greater wisdom by removing the grotesque beards from their chins and faces.

And the world will think the better of them.

* * * * * *

This preference of mine for the athlete, will, no doubt, be met with scorn from the wise-acres. Yet of course I am aware that the ideal man is something between the student and the athlete

—a combination not so difficult as the theorist imagines.

The student who applies himself exclusively to his books, does so at the expense of his body. He becomes book-clever ; his views, his outlook, his attitude, are all founded on second-hand knowledge. I do not trust the opinions of such a man any more than I would trust him in a team of athletes. His body would fail him as lamentably as would his theories. He lacks the robustness of mind as he lacks the robustness of body. Give me the rollicking, healthy boy on a playing field rather than the cadaverous-looking, bespectacled boy poring over his books.

Having thus delivered myself of premises the logic of my next utterance is not unexpected. The Jew in the past century has been the dreamer, the philosopher, the bookworm. He has spent too much time in the synagogue and too little time on the playing field. The new generation of Jew is altering all this ; but he has a little leeway to make up ! The learned Jew will tell you that it was this book-learning, this wonderful wisdom of the Jew, that helped the race to survive despite the insensate persecution of " physically-developed " races. I remain unconvinced.

> *To sacred Study 'tis most meet and right*
> *Some worldly Occupation to unite.*

If the Jew had looked more after his arms than

his head the humiliations to which he was subjected by cowards would have been spared him. A complete knowledge of the Talmud offers no resistance against the half-nelson. I am glad therefore that the younger generation of Jews read books about wrestling and boxing. Your high-brow will sneer at these purely physical ambitions. Let him. Yes, and let him remember about the little protection he was able to afford his womenfolk against the base intruder.

* * * * * *

Therefore when I first beheld some of the leaders of Jewry, when I heard Yiddle Zangwill lisping out some of his epigrams (manufactured by candlelight) I could not help but murmur: "Be this 'Israel' thy God, oh Israel!"

They tell me that Yiddle Zangwill helps the birth of his wonderful thoughts by lying head down and feet up and that the spectacle has been witnessed in silent awe by his admirers. I could suggest to him a more normal method of circulating the blood. . . .

That first meeting with the learned Yiddle and the intense disappointment it gave prompted me to describe the scene in my Jewish novel. This resulted in an amusing sequel, which I hope to tell some day.

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As a contrast to Yiddle Zangwill's lack of personality as a leader, I commend Mr. C. G.

Montefiore, D.D., who approaches to my mind the ideal type of Jew leader. I believe Mr. Montefiore was president of the "Anglo-Jewish Association," from which he retired at the end of 1921. Mr. Montefiore's outlook, like his physical appearance, is robust. He is as English as a Jew can possibly be. Too English. He is unable to touch the imagination of the aliens over which Mr. Yiddle Zangwill has such an ascendancy.

As the eyes of a bride, when with beauty they shine,
Of her general beauty are deemed a sure sign,
So will a community's leaders attest
By their worth and fitness, the worth of the rest.

The difference between the two Jewish leaders is the difference between the Past and the Present. Yiddle Zangwill represents the sordid past; C. G. Montefiore the brighter future. In Jerusalem, as I have shown, there are two distinct classes of Jew, the musty relic of a barbaric age and the bluff big-hearted big-bodied agriculturist of the present. The old Jew is the laughing stock of the rest of the inhabitants, with his scraggy beard, his side whiskers and his bowler hat pressed tightly on a superfluity of hair. I recommend Yiddle Zangwill to go to Jerusalem and take with him instead of his laboured epigrams a couple of energetic tonsorial artists.

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IX

The Jewish Burial Ceremony

My contention that all sensible men should be able to get down to the same broad principles is probably idealistic ; but the difficulty lies not so much at the door of men as their masters. The teachers of humanity ought to be " taken off " as the political whips are taken off when there is an honest deal on, and mankind should be permitted to start life afresh, unpolluted with the hoary prejudice of old age.

Take for instance the matter of death. To some, death not only has no sting, it has a positive attraction. In some religions the occasion of death is followed by conviviality—a custom which is regarded by Jews with righteous horror and contempt. To the Jew especially death possesses all the sombreness and terror attributed by the superstitious. To him there is no beauty, no solace, in the departure to the High Place. Death's sting to the Jew is indeed charged with pain and poison. Yet there must be a truth about death as there is about religion. If, as the Jew ardently believes, there is a Hereafter, and that in fact there is no death, then

surely there is no cause for the fuss he makes about earthly demise.

Why, even the Talmud is sensible in this respect :

O weep for us who live to mourn,
And not for him whom we have lost !
For he *has to his rest been borne,*
We—*in a sea of grief are toss'd.*

Although, true to the inconsistencies of books which moralise, it also says :

All the tear-drops that are shed
When a pious man is dead,
One by one are counted o'er,
Treasured up in heaven's store.

Or :

Though heaven's gates be closed to pray'r
To tears they stand wide open e'er.

Which is mischievous nonsense.

The fact is that even to-day there are multitudes who obey the behests of the Bible and the Talmud without much thought about rights and reasons. The unthinking still follow " the instructions in the book " with the same foolish faith, with the same mechanical simplicity, as they did in the time of Noah.

It says so in the book ; and that's good enough for him. That such is the case will puzzle those who believe the Jew incapable of simple faith.

You see then that there is a good deal of hypocrisy in those who affect to observe orthodox religion; and no more so than at the burial service. It is abundantly true that the Jewish affection for his family is deep, sincere and lasting. Fratricide is almost unknown in Jewry. There are no family feuds in Israel.

The attitude of the Jew towards death, indeed, is pathetic not only because of his horror and sorrow but because even here he permits superstition to run rampant in his home. He covers his mirrors in fear—of magic similar to that in the "Tales of Hoffman"—and he sits in "sackcloth and ashes," that is, he occupies a low stool and sits in mourning for eight days. Not only the male but the female, not only the old but the young congregate in the room of tears, and talk of graves, worms and epitaphs for a whole week. The men do not shave and the women do not cease from tears. I am sure that the modern educated Jew revolts in his heart against such antiquated customs; but he is so sensitive and sympathetic to those who grieve—although I fear some make a real business of their grief—that he makes the sombre sacrifice in order not to hurt.

Such an attitude does more credit to his heart than his head. He should, in defence of Jewry, take up after the presence of death has been removed this question of "sitting shiva." He could then be just as sympathetic but more

sensible. He should want to know how the dead can possibly benefit by these strange rites and whether the true test of sorrow is in the heart and not by the lavish and conspicuous display of stage sorrow.

I trust I am not wanting in respect when I aver that this Jewish pantomimicry is degrading to themselves and their dead. There is no need, to be sure, for feasting after the burial, although I am not so certain that this more often would be a more logical expression of the occasion, than deep melancholy and unhealthy confinement. Rejoicing when the troubled spirit is freed, is explicable ; to sit and provoke further illness by futile sacrifices is ignorant and worthless.

I observe, in this connection, some pointed comments which were made by the Vicar of Chiswick in a lecture to members of the Ealing Centre of the British Undertakers' Association.

Speaking on " Some Ancient Funeral Customs," he told how many modern practices originated, and the meanings of them, and recalled that among Australian tribesmen widows were not allowed to talk for a whole year !

He expressed a desire to help undertakers to " abolish some of the gloominess of funerals and to make them the triumphant and beautiful affairs they were down to the 16th century."

" I am grateful to you," he added, " for having used your influence to abolish those appalling plumes which were a feature of funerals not many years ago—and those long, dreary, hatbands, too.

" But I do not view, I admit, with great affection, your

big, black, prancing Belgian steeds. They frighten me. I try to get to my vestry under their noses, and I fear every minute that either their teeth or their hoofs will have me."

"I don't like that idea of mourning," he said in conclusion. "I hope, when my time comes, that I shall be drawn to my rest by other coloured horses with better tempers."

There is some sense in the Vicar's remarks; but why have horses at all. Why not a plain motor-car?

* * * * * *

There are Jews, in common with the superficial, who measure the extent of one's grief by the spirit in which one enters these hoary customs. The true mourner is expected to rend his garment (that is to say some officious being will offer to cut his waistcoat in a prominent place); he will put on deep black; he will permit his beard to grow for days; he will sit on a low stool, cramped together with the rest of his family. In a word, he will make himself thoroughly unhappy and unhealthy so that the world may appreciate the full measure of his grief.

The old orthodox Jew enters into this ceremony of burial with the same zest he exhibits at births and marriages. He (and she especially) crowds into the synagogue and your home no matter how flimsy the ground of his acquaintance be with you. The sanctity of someone else's home, the dignity of one's grief is quite lost on

him. He crowds where is food and drink to be had with the same eagerness as he is ready to shed tears. " Joy," " love " and " sorrow " are italicised in the Jewish dictionary; but " dignity " is unaccountably omitted.

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The modern Jew must be unable to repress a sense of shame and disdain when he attends some Jewish burials. The foreign busybody is usually there, dressed up for the part. He wears the clothes he has put by for these public occasions and probably attends as many as he is able in order to have full use of them. He and his like crowd into the house of the dead with as little regard for sanctity and respect for the relatives. In the crude attempt to respect the dead—for which he believes he scores a blessing—he completely forgets his duty to the living relatives. The Jew again has the Eastern idea that the more mourners the more " covert " (honour). When he describes a funeral he tells you at once how many carriages there were! The women usually add to the chaos in what should be a quiet and dignified ceremony. They ape their less cultured sisters, the Arabs, in outwailing each other over the corpse. A woman whose great grief was silently expressed would undoubtedly be completely misunderstood. They do not understand, these coarse hypocrites, what secret sorrow is.

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I will not tell of the strange subterfuges which are adopted by these so-called mourners. A man who had put on his best suit in conformity with custom was asked if he would permit his waistcoat to be cut. He readily assented, but I found afterwards that he had an old waistcoat underneath his new one, and it was the one underneath that he had offered for slaughter!

To do this man justice I may add that he said he did not believe in that particular rite and that he made a show of following others "as a matter of form."

He was unconsciously echoing a great truth. The Jewish religious observances are, to-day, mostly "matters of form" which few in their hearts believe.

Besides those who still carry out crude customs, are those who are for ever after collecting blessings (*mitzvahs*). They count their blessings in secret one by one. To witness a marriage is a *mitzvah;* to take part in a burial is a *mitzvah;* to kiss the much-kissed Scroll of Law is a *mitzvah;* to bear children is a *mitzvah.* And so on.

Probably these divine bribes best explain why there is always a rush to do these things.

X

Jew's Who!

I am sure that Jews will appreciate my laudable desire to make it more universally realised the greatness of Israel. The awed whisperings within the Pale when somebody with an anglicised name has achieved something or other should be converted into a roar of jubilation.

"Why, he's a Jew—a jolly old Jew!" should resound from Ghetto-land to John o' Groats. Instead of which the community appears to join the celebrity in a conspiracy of shameful silence.

"Don't let the Christians know how wonderful Jews are; they might think too much of us!" is the motto. Therefore were it possible I would aid the modest Jews of fame towards obtaining their right and proper recognition as members of the most ancient race.

There is no directory of Jewish might. The "Jewish Year Book" is, like the Jewish newspapers, as near the real thing as Jeyes is to—Joshua. In order to be a Jew of prominence, it seems, all you have to do is to become a "communal worker." It is rather hard on such insignificant Jews as Einstein, Solly Joel, Sir

Alfred Mond, Alfred Beit, Godfrey Isaacs and hundreds of others that they are not considered sufficiently qualified for inclusion in the Communal directory.

On the other hand a compilation of celebrated Jews issued by a strange company which strives to make money out of Jews by attacking them, is so obsessed with finance that it can think of no other big Jews than financiers. Therefore, say I, if I had the time I would compile such a list of great Jews as would astonish Jews themselves, and make them feel sufficiently proud and mighty enough to want to set up a country on their own.

I would not only tell of the financial puissance of the Rothschilds, the Cassels, the Samuels, the Beits and the Brunners, or the political sagacity of the amazing Lord Reading, the strange and persistent success (in spite of obvious handicaps) of Sir Herbert Samuel and the Rt. Hon. Edwin Montague, the surprising predominance of Sir Philip Sassoon, the romance (or tragedy) of Trotsky, the claim (or denial) of Jewish nationality of de Valera! No, I would take more pains in telling about the wonderful Dolly Sisters, the true story of the late Beerbohm Tree, the touching story of Sir Walter de Freece, the rise of Leon M. Lion, the mighty record of General Sir John Monash and the sparkling career of Joe Coyne. I would dig out the records of great Jewish boxers like Kid Lewis, Matt Wells, Young

Josephs, their life story in the East-end, incidentally discovering whether the Jewish claim that the world's champion, Dempsey, is actually a Jew or not can be established. I would ignore the claim to include Mr. Charlie Chaplin among the Hebrews, although were I to include in my " Jew's Who " almost any other comedian of renown I should not go far wrong. . . .

I would tell of the laudable aspirations of the greatest Jewish Shakespearean actress, Constance Collier, of Jose Collins (Lady Innes-Kerr), Ethel Levey (who married Graham White), the pretty Violet Essex and the Misses Samuels, who are none other than Beattie and Babs ! (Each of them, you notice, with one exception, gives an additional touch of romance to their stories by marrying Christians !) The exception is the successful soprano, Miss Essex, who married the gifted Jewish violinist, Tucker.

I fain would give the names of many more of those Jewesses who have accomplished considerable success on the legitimate and variety stages ; but in doing so I should be running the risk of being petulantly " told off." Apart from this I have no desire to offer these pretty but pert ladies additional *réclame* to that which they so wondrously attract already. And neither do I care to run the risk of lengthy and ingenuously worded denials of their Jewish nationality. Such as this :

"DEAR SIR,

"I am very surprised at your quoting in your foolish book, 'The Much Chosen Race,' to the effect that I am a Jewess. Will you please publish the fact that my ancestors came over with the First William—Kosminsky, who was anything but Jewish. He married Charley's aunt, Leah Godamalovbitz, who was anything but Jewish. They settled for a time in Middlesex Street (which is anything but a Jewish quarter) and only sold lemons for a hobby.

"It is true my real name is Sarah Chedinkinopaltz Cohen but you may perceive from the manner of my wonderful performance in 'The Girlies' House,' which is playing to packed houses each night, if I tell you, that I am (even if I was) anything but a Jewess.

"Yours, etc.,

BONA VESTIBULE.

"P.S.—A selection of my latest photographs is enclosed."

In music I should have a list as long as their noses. And yet according to the Jewish official list there are only well-known musicians—Sir Frederic Cowen and Sir Landon Ronald. But isn't Benno Moiseiwitsch, the world-famous pianist, a Jew? And Mischa Elman and Solomon and Efrein Zimhalest the violinist, and Jascha Heifetz, and Mark Hambourg and the tenor with the golden voice, Philip Ritti—and a thousand others of world renown?

Why, if the glory of a race or nation depended on one tremendous achievement alone I should award the palm to the Jew for his musical genius.

Music maketh men. I would forgive much to the man or woman who could play me the Brahms Sonata as it should be played, or the *études* of Chopin. And how few can! My happiest associations with my Jewish friends have been in the realm of music. There they have given me the golden hours that only a people of soul can give. None of your "well-trained," wonderful technique stuff. Just music that vibrates from the soul. The only exception to my mind is the awfully correct playing of Moiseiwitsch. His following is tremendous; yet his stolid air is almost as uninspiring as that of Lamond. "Ah," says the high-brow, "you must think more of the music than the man." I beg to differ. There is the soul of the player as well as the sound of the playing. Give me the mad frolics of Pachmann—who is so obviously in his music—than the man who gives you the impression that he has yet to collect his fee, and will be very relieved when he gets it! As in singing, I would prefer a sensitive singer to an excellently trained singer whose face is long and expressionless.

Therefore I am always glad to hear Jewish musicians. The best of them do not necessarily appear publicly. Some of the greatest have been so temperamentally keyed as to find it impossible to face a public audience. Among my own circle of friends are five true musicians—Jews and Jewesses—to whom I would far sooner

listen than to many of your world renowned players.

Why, then, if there is such wonderful musical talent among the Jews, should there not be a Jewish school of music. What names there would be !

And, by the way, I see in a Jewish paper's causerie of " the year's music " considerable mention of Mr. Albert Coates as " the most prominent of our conductors " although " critics have found weak points in his armour, especially when he has dealt with the classics," while " the sensation of the year has undoubtedly been the rise to fame as a conductor of Mr. Eugene Goosens." There is also much talk in the same article of Stravinsky, Schreker (proclaimed the greatest musician of post-war Germany), Monty Rosenthal and Kreisler.

Are all these great artists Jews ? I confess I am at a loss, and even when the brilliant Jewish critic, Mr. Alfred Kalisch, writes :

" With our usual self-depreciation in artistic matters we thought we could never attain to the heights reached by these Parisians."

I do not really know whether the " we " refers to " British " or " Jewish " composers. It is really very perplexing this mixing up of both nationalities in a purely Jewish paper. Also I see that the *Evening Standard* refers to Miss Myra Hess as " one of the most popular of Eng-

lish lady pianists." Miss Hess is undoubtedly one of the most popular lady pianists (and one of the most capable) but she is a Jewess, as is the other player mentioned in the same report, Samuel!

XI

The Jew in Politics

The tendency of the Jew in politics is Liberal, and yet there are, comparatively, more bloated capitalists in their ranks than in any party. I wish I could find an excuse on which to hang some political reflections on this race; but I can't think of any. . . .

By far the most aristocratic and refined Jew in the House of Commons was Sir Philip Maquis, M.P. for London University. His age and his carriage epitomised the grand old Jewish Man of the House. I met him but twice in the Lobby of St. Stephen's; and I left him with the impression that he was one who would do credit to any assembly or race.

I am not sure, but I do not remember any other Jew in the House of Commons who gave me this feeling of veneration. Others I met gave me a picture of indulgence, the inevitable self-consciousness but never self-esteem. They looked like pashas in evening dress. To me they were just as out of place at Westminster as some of the English fops whose qualification to legis-

late is not a whit more. And they seemed to know it.

By the way, the error made in regard to the nationality of Sir John Simon is accounted for by the fact that there was a John Simon who was a Jewish Member of Parliament. Of him Mr. T. P. O'Connor says :

" He was the first Jewish member of the House of Commons that I knew with any intimacy. He was a dear old man, and had some of the very best qualities of the Jew. He was inflexible in opinion and in conduct. I knew no man who had more about him of the Good Samaritan ; a thorough-going Liberal, he retained the faithful support of his constituents in Dewsbury to the end, and he had the warm friendship of everybody who knew him, especially among those who agreed with him in opinion. He was one of the most courageous and one of the staunchest friends of self-government of Ireland, and that brought him into close contact and personal friendship with many of the Irish Members. Though he had a clear mind, he was without either the physical or intellectual qualities that carve out for a man a great career in the tiger-pit competition of the House of Commons. The nature was too gentle for that, and the physique not robust enough."

" Tay Pay," by the way, adds an interesting comment on the Rothschilds :

" I knew Mr. Natty—afterwards first Lord Rothschild—slightly in the House of Commons. I came to know him a little better later on, when he came to be raised to the House of Lords ; and once I spent a very pleasant week-end with him in his house at Tring. He was a man, they used to say, of conspicuously bad manners ; ignored the next day a man with whom he had spent the night before, and in that way

he had the reputation of being haughty. I really think he was absent-minded, and incapable of anything like snobbery."

The second Lord Rothschild was never intended for a political career, nor was he intended for a financial one either. There is one quality in him " which is very much ignored and which deserves to be noted. He has down at Tring the best private zoological museum in the world. I spent a day with him there once ; it was a most uncanny experience. You could ask at random for anything on land or in sea or in the air, and in a second he took you over to the box in which there was a specimen ! I remember trying on him what I considered would be fatal test to the completeness of his museum by asking if he had a specimen of the horrible centipede found in Texas, the bite of which is almost certain death. In a few moments he showed me the specimen on a piece of board ! I would put him down as one of the really greatest zoologists in the world, a proof of which is that he was often asked to contribute an article on some animal to the *German Encyclopædia*, and it was as a naturalist, not as a Rothschild, that he was invited to do this."

Another well-known Jewish politician was Mr. Lionel Cohen, who represented Paddington ; a very good-natured man with, however pretty strong opinions. He used to sit opposite Mr. Gladstone, and as he had a short upper lip, and

often laughed and thereby exposed his teeth, he was sometimes a great irritant to Mr. Gladstone. But he was really a very good-natured fellow."

This is how " Tay Pay " describes Sir Samuel Montagu in the " General Chronicle " :

" He was, in appearance, just like a figure that had walked straight out of the Old Testament, with his large prominent brilliant dark eyes, his pronounced nose, and his long beard. If a painter or a sculptor desired to find a model of Moses descending from the mountain top with the Ten Commandments, Sir Samuel Montagu would have been an incomparable model. He did not speak much in the House of Commons ; whenever he did speak it was always briefly and to the point. But he was a man of very pronounced views, to which he held inflexibly. One needed never expect from him anything but the straightest of straight votes in any division between the Conservatives and the Liberal Party, of which he was so staunch a member. He had an extraordinary capacity for rapid calculation. I have heard that after a long evening at a mild game of Bridge, of which he was very fond, he would, without using pencil or paper, tot up what had occurred, and detect a mistake, even to a sixpence, in the laborious and slow calculations of others."

A description surely that would well apply to nearly all Jewish members. It would, at any rate, apply particularly to Sir Stuart Samuel and Mr. Bertram Straus—both ex-members.

Sir Herbert Samuel has a reputation for being the ablest Jew in Parliament since Disraeli.

" He was like Disraeli in his utter disregard of all the other occupations and prizes of life, except those to be found in politics. His family

insisted he should become a barrister ; but I do not think he ever sought or took a brief. Of course the houses of great business firms, including his own, were open to him, and he might have made a big fortune ; but he cared for none of these things. From his boyhood upwards he read nothing, thought of nothing, and devoted himself to nothing except those things associated with political life. His industry was quite phenomenal. Whenever he was in office he was always found either in his seat in the House of Commons, or in his room always with his nose buried in his papers ; and whenever he got up to speak you always felt he knew his case so thoroughly that it was impossible to trip him up. I should say that no man could have been a better selection for the difficult work of steering the fortunes of Palestine through its large and difficult problems of to-day."

There really ought to be more Jews in the House of Commons ; there really ought. For what will happen when the first Jewish Parliament assembles in Jaffa ? The only experienced parliamentarians, not willing to budge from St. Stephens, will leave the Yiddish Assembly bereft of vital talent.

And by the way, since Jewish Members will no doubt, hail from all parts of the globe, what are they going to do about an official language ? Unless they adopt Esperanto the Jewish House of Parliament will be a veritable Tower of Babel.

XII

The Jew in Journalism

Like its efforts in other directions Jewish achievement in journalism is scattered and chaotic. In England it is almost negligible ; in America it is more inspiring and significant. The Jewish journals published in English here in London indicate the inability of Jews to produce something worthy entirely off their own bat. Jews make excellent journalists ; but only under the control of others ; just as they make first-class statesmen in government controlled by Occidental minds. One hopes for their sake that a wholly Jewish government in Palestine, Timbuctoo or any other region where the Jews may be allowed to settle peacefully, will be an affair worthier of a great race than are their newspapers. The *Jewish Chronicle* and the *Jewish Guardian* are the Pip and Squeak of *pukka* journalism, while the inevitable third, the *Jewish World,* is the Wilfred. The first two afford further instances of the " united brotherhood of the Jews " by the gentle manner in which they cut each other's throats. The " Yiddisher " newspapers published in the vernacular

of the East-end are the cheap and vulgar kind you find in the Orient. Lord knows how they manage to exist.

Recently the *Jewish Chronicle* celebrated its eightieth birthday and the *Jewish Guardian* offered its congratulations with a characteristic display of good fellowship, by recalling the great past as compared with the poor present record of the people, which dared to publish articles by Christian writers !

Could brotherhood go further ?

Of course the Jew utilises the newspaper as a medium for his vitriolic views. The following, culled from a Jewish paper, is at once illustrative of many things besides Jewish journalism :

It is headed : " *The Sabbath ' Jazz.'* "

" Our attention has been called to an announcement of ' A Grand Jazz Dance ' to be held at the People's Palace on a certain Friday evening not far hence, in aid of a certain Help Society, the membership of which is almost wholly Jewish. Some of the names of the officers of the Dance Committee bear a very Jewish ring, and we are told that it is ' composed of Jews.' We do not care to give more detailed particulars (though they are at the disposal of our readers), since they might serve to advertise the function. But we have to say, in the strongest possible terms, that this Jewish participation in a ' Jazz ' arranged for Sabbath eve, in addition to its offence against Judaism, is a direct incentive to anti-Semitism, and its authors are indefensible by the ordinary type. For Jews who lend their names to provocative works of that sort, we are prepared to offer no shield from the attacks of anti-Semitic writers. We trust that the matter will have the advantage of the eye of Mr.

Basil L. Q. Henriques, whose stronghold of Judaism in Commercial Road is the best hope for the sanctification of the Sabbath."

And a lady's reply :

"SIR,

"Your justly scathing article on the Jazz Dance held on a Sabbath eve in aid of a certain East-end 'Help' Society, has, unfortunately, implicated the Institution of which I have the honour to be Hon. Secretary. I beg you will therefore refute any such suggestion on behalf of my Society in the next issue of your journal. Lady Bearsted, the President, and all members of our Committee, uphold the dignity of our common Judaism, and we have been much grieved by an enquiry in reference to your article."

And the editor's jubilant postscript :

"(We are delighted to affirm that this excellent Institution is as far as any from the intention conveyed in our 'justly scathing article' last week. The persons in question know well whom the cap fits.—Editor.)."

Comment would spoil it !

* * * * * *

The Jew is a great debater. That is, provided he maintains a calm demeanour and does not throw his hands about in excitement. And once he resorts to personalities there is no holding him. For sneering, slashing, cutting cynicism he has no equal. Here, as in everything else, the Jew likes to shine and I have heard some very brilliant debates in Jewish literary societies. But it is the secretary who gets all the plums.

He it is who writes a brief report for the Jewish Press. Thus :

" A well-attended lecture on ' Pernanas ' at the Petticoat Debating Club resulted in the resolution being carried. *Mr. Duvolotski* (*Secretary*) *seconded a vote of thanks to the lecturer.*"

And by the way, our fat journalistic friend, G. K. Chesterton, must laugh up his sleeve when the Jews invite him to address them ! It would not be in the least surprising to find that they abominate him and his beer ; but lo and behold, each year G. K. C. or one of his satellites, is invited to enter Daniel's den. A little while ago he lectured to the Ghetto Circle in the East-end, and " was greeted with much applause on rising." Mr. Chesterton graciously beamed on his audience and said he would invite a free interchange of ideas on the subject. He would be brief and vague. At meetings of that description, very often one good sound rule usually prevailed. He discussed one thing and the audience discussed another. He now proposed to attempt to discuss national traditions in Europe, and no doubt they would discuss whether he was an anti-Semite. It seemed a very fair division of labour.

So it was ! G. K. C. went on to discuss his own subject and his audience went for him tooth and nail as an anti-Semite.

* * * * * *

G. K. C.'s views on the Jews were of course scintillating. Making an effort to get away from the anti-Semite question he tried to arouse interest in the subject of his lecture.

" Really," he exclaimed, " it is worth thinking about. The question whether the future of the world is going to be national or not, that is to say, whether the divisions existing in Europe are to remain, vivid, passionate, secure divisions, or are they, as some people suppose, gradually fading away. In that connection the subject has an obvious reference to the Jewish people. Broadly speaking, there are three possible views of the Jewish problem. One is the view that the Jews will merge into the masses of mankind, and that they ought to so merge ; that their separation is an error and that there is nothing to prevent the body of mankind absorbing them. I believe there are Jews who hold this view, but as one who admires patriotism whenever I see it, I hope there are few of them. The second view is that the Jewish tradition is entirely a religious tradition. The third view is that so far as possible it would be infinitely better if the Jews were recognized politically as a nation. I myself have always held the third of these views. I recognize the difficulties attached to it ; particularly the local difficulties attached to the experiment of Zionism. However, this view is affected considerably by the consideration of whether it is worth while for the Jews to assert

themselves as a nation when nations might possibly disappear from the world. If it is true that the future of Europe is not as various nations, it would make a difference." He would give only a few of his reasons for believing that the national character of Europe would remain.

"Tendencies were forthcoming of a drift towards internationalism, and that being so, it was necessary to consider what were the forces creating those tendencies, but he could say that whatever those forces were they were not equal to the task of destroying the patriotism of the various peoples. He would not go so far as to say that nothing would be equal to the task; possibly a common religion, or one large superior state. However, at the moment, there was nothing. As a Nationalist he was a Zionist."

Mr. Chesterton went on to give his reasons for maintaining that the nationalist spirit would continue to exist, and in his concluding remarks said he would leave it to the audience to make what application they would. If it were possible for the world to become as one universal nation, then might it be worth while considering whether the Jews need insist upon a distinct nationality, but at the moment, there seemed no such possibility meriting pause for consideration, and there was nothing for the Jews to do but to get a territorial basis and assert their political existence as a nation.

"*A heated and interesting discussion fol-*

lowed," concludes the Jewish report! How the great satirist must have enjoyed it!

* * * * * *

As in debate, so in journalism. When they are against a big Gentile opponent they crawl; when they attack big fellow Jews, they usually hide under the cloak of anonymity. I have given examples of the wheedling attitude adopted by the Jewish editors towards the non-Jews who wipe their feet on them.

At the present moment there appears to be a split in Jewry in regard to the Chief Rabbi who, from all unbiassed accounts, appears to be a broad-minded and intellectual leader. This is how a writer in the very *Jewish Chronicle* and *World* deals with their revered chief:

"PRODIG-IOUS!"

"The Chief Rabbi earns the mark this time! At the meeting of the Anglo-Jewish Association last Sunday, he complained that no one had answered Lord Sydenham's article attacking Jews in last month's *Nineteenth Century! He,* who did not see fit to answer another article, which appeared in the same issue of that Review, attacking Judaism infinitely more seriously than Lord Sydenham attacked our people! And this unblushing effort in the presence of the very man responsible for the onslaught on our faith which the Chief Rabbi's business it is to defend! The Gilbertian situation created by Dr. Hertz were exceedingly funny, did it not reveal, when we come to think of it, an estimate of the mentality of his 'flock'—hardly complimentary to it—unless the idea of 'flock' be taken literally! Prodig-ious!"

Here is another example of Jewish brotherhood. One of the Jewish ministers, the Rev. A. A. Green of Hampstead, was approached by some of his advanced pupils to be instructed as to the Jewish attitude towards the New Testament. Mr. Green acceded to this request, and for his breadth of mind and tolerance called down the fury of his " brother " Jews. " Why doesn't the Chief Rabbi step in and prevent the teaching of Christianity in Synagogue Classes ? " they wailed. But Dr. Hertz, the Chief Rabbi, was apparently as open-minded on the subject as Mr. Green. He replied that he held that for any Jewish teacher or parent to refuse definite guidance on a subject so vital to Jewish young men and women would be absolutely indefensible.

The *Jewish Chronicle* and other pearls of orthodoxy were again after the blood of their chosen leader. This is how an anonymous correspondent backs his chief :

" The seriousness of the matter lies in the attitude of the Chief Rabbi. Dr. Hertz has not yet offered any explanation. The community, of which he is the spiritual head, has the right to one, and will not be satisfied with any compromising statement. He was elected as the representative of Orthodoxy, and it will require even a greater dialectician than Dr. Hertz is to reconcile what the New Testament has to teach us, however viewed, with orthodox doctrine. I shall not enter into any criticism of the New Testament save to point out that Christians, as well as Jews, fully recognize that its teachings are absolutely opposed to the very existence of Judaism."

Perfectly brotherly, you observe again ? And the *Jewish Guardian* enters the field with a familiar suggestion of the hidden hand :

" Pending the reply of the Ecclesiastical Authorities to the Council of the United Synagogue, information is to hand from several sources," [it says with an air of mystery] " to the effect that a malignant campaign (of the ' pre-paid telegram ' variety) is being hastily organized, in order to influence that reply, and, practically, to frighten the Chief Rabbi with *Schrecklichkeit*.

" The ' three men of unimpeachable orthodoxy ' have not yet come forward publicly to avow what they advised in private. No doubt, they are merely awaiting the proper occasion to take this obvious course. The dovecots that have been fluttered by the campaign of mendacity and misrepresentation command general sympathy, and some pity for their simplicity. Ephraim is a foolish dove still, and it is difficult to be patient with people who react to suggestions, without ascertaining their source or testing their bona fides. After all, the main point at issue is—will the Chief Rabbi insist on being master in his own house ? "

So much for Jewish journalism.

XIII

The Jew in Other Spheres

One of the few famous Jewish athletes is H. M. Abrahams of Caius, Cambridge. Then there is the formidable Jabez Woolf, the Channel swimmer. Another athletic Abrahams is Adolphe, who is a B.A., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., F.R.P.S.

There may be a good many other Abrahams of this ilk, but probably they are down on the scroll of athletic fame as " Anderson," " Atkins " or " Ajax."

In law, Jews are as plentiful as moneylenders. Apart from the great Lord Reading, there are innumerable K.C.'s among whom I call to mind the following for the moment, the Hon. Mr. Justice Isaac Alfred Isaacs, K.C., LL.M., of the High Court of Australia, Attorney-General in the second Deakin Government and Acting Premier of Victoria in 1897. His daughter, Miss Nancy Isaacs, is a lady lawyer. Another Jewish lady lawyer, by the way, is Mrs. Ethel B. de Costa, who was called to the bar in New Zealand; Israel Alexander Symmons is the well-known police magistrate; Morris Alexander, K.C., M.A., LL.B., J.P., M.L.A.; David Lindo Alex-

ander, K.C., J.P.; Arthur Benjamin Cohen, K.C.; A. E. Maxwell Goldstein, K.C.; Henry Hyman Haldin, J.P., K.C.; S. W. Jacobs, M.P. (Canada), K.C.; Adolf Max Langdon, M.A., B.C.L., K.C.; Sylvain Mayes, B.A., Ph.D., K.C.; L. H. Rosenthal, K.C. (who was the first Jew to be granted silk by an Irish Lord Chancellor).

And the rest!

Doctors, too, when you can trace their origin, are prolific in Jewry. Besides such well-known names as Dr. Bernard Hollander, the brain and nerve specialist, there is Frederick William Alexander, who is Medical Officer for Health at Poplar; Dr. Asher Cohen is house-surgeon of the Royal Infirmary, Bangor; George Cohen is coroner for the Central Division of Middlesex. Dr. Abraham is an authority on leprosy and skin diseases; Abraham Cohen, M.A., etc., etc., is a physician at the Metropolitan Hospital; W. Marcus Cohen is B.A. and M.B. (Lond.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.R.C.P. (London); Myer Coplans is demonstrator in bacteriology and Public Health at the University of Leeds, whilst Eli Coplans, M.D., is house-surgeon at Bolingbroke Hospital, Wandsworth Common. Another Coplans (Joseph Moses) is a medical practitioner and is, or was, Senior Dental Surgeon to the Belgian Army Medical Service. Heavens! A fourth Coplans (Samuel H.) is an L.D.S., R.C.S. (London) and house-surgeon at Guy's Hospital. . . .

I wonder if this wonderful quartette belong to one family. . . . At any rate they belong to one race which is the main thing.

Joseph Dulberg, J.P., M.D., LL.D., is a well-known Manchester physician. Major Henry Dutch, is M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.M. (Dublin), and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine! Another Dutch (Myer Akiba) is M.D., F.R.C.S.E., D.P.H. (Cantab).

But Doctors of Medicine among the Jewish fraternity would be too numerous to quote. And the degrees they have! There is J. G. Emanuel who is M.D., B.S., B.Sc., (Lond.), M.R.C.S. (Eng.), M.R.C.P. (Lond.), M.B., Ch.B. (Bmgham), Honorary Physician to Queen's Hospital and Children's Hospital, Birmingham. Dr. Anghel Gaster is among other things, physician to the Kensington and Fulham General Hospital. Waldeman Mordecai Wolff Hoffkins, C.I.E., bacteriologist, assistant to the late M. Pasteur, was decorated for his services in combating cholera and bubonic plague. Isidore Heilbron is professor, etc., too numerous to quote. Col. Charles Samuel Myers, M.A., M.D., Sc.D. (Cantab), F.R.S., is a Cambridge University Lecturer in Experimental Psychology and is editor of the *British Journal of Psychology*.

One of the leading authorities on sleeping sickness and bacteriology is Dr. D. N. Nabarro. Dr. Henrich Oppenheimer and Dr. Jacob Snowman and Dr. Sydney M. Woolf, are, like the rest

of them, full of degrees. Sydney Philips Phillips, M.D., is a physician at St. Mary's Hospital, Fever Hospital and London Lock Hospital. Frederick Solomon Spiers, B.Sc., O.B.E., is Secretary of the Institute of Physics. Another Woolf is Assistant Anæsthetist at the Prince of Wales Hospital. Dr. Walter Rosenhain, F.R.S., is Superintendent, Metallurgy Department, National Physical Laboratory—but there, if I once begin to give the name of Jewish scientists, I shall require an additional volume.

Sir Charles Waldsten, LL.D. (Classical Archæologist) and Dr. Nathan Redcliffe Salaman are chock-full of academic degrees, while Samuel Barnett Schryver, D.Sc. (Lond.), Ph.D. (Leipzig), is a chemist to the Research Department of the Cancer Hospital, London. Dr. Charles Singer, is another great Jewish scientist.

And the sculptors and artists !

Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, is but one of the many Jews who have achieved success ! There are others, not so bizarre as to create popular attention. Take for instance, Joseph Mordecai, who painted a portrait of King Edward VII, which now hangs in St. James's Palace. Julius M. Price is returned on the Jewish list as " an artist," as is Prof. Albert Rothensten, who is Principal of the Royal College of Art ; Isaac Snowman (whose portraits include those of King George and Queen Mary) and Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.

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Among the Jewish baronets and knights, Sir Arthur Lucas (who died recently), Sir A. Lever, Sir George J. Graham Lewis, Sir Alfred Mond, Sir Mortimer David, Sir Joseph Duveen, Col. Sir David Harris, Sir John S. Henry, Sir Sidney Lee, Col. Sir Frederick Nathan, Lieut.-Col. Sir Matthew Nathan, Sir Robert Nathan, Sir Alexander William Prince, Sir Marc Aurel Stein, Lieut.-Col. Sir A. G. Stern (of the "Tanks"), Sir Edward Stern and Sir Charles Walston, are a few who are not exactly "communal workers" as national celebrities. Probably some among these are types of "British" Jews who are going to insist on their birthright, though Jerusalem fall.

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Dr. Mendel Silber, writing on "The Jewish Woman in the World's Work," in *The Jewish Advocate*, says: "The greatest participation is to be sought in modern times, especially in the last century." Among English Jewesses, he refers to "the prose of Grace Aguilar," the philosophy of Miss Constance Ellis (Australia), the charity of Judith, Lady Montefiore, and to "the international recognition of Lady Magnus as an historian."

Lady Magnus, by the way, has followed one of the latest society fashions, in studying Hebrew—a welcome and significant sign. So has Lady Samuel and Lady Battersea. Imagine the thrill

of the first " At Home " in Jerusalem, when the little scandals would be whispered in Hebrew.

This is how the Jewish papers report Lady Samuel's conversion to the Hebrew tongue.

" The wife of the High Commissioner, Lady (Beatrice) Samuel, has added to her popularity in the Jewish Community, by delivering an address in Hebrew, which she spoke without hesitation. The occasion was the celebration of the Graduation of the pupils of the Nurses' School, established by the American Zionist Medical Unit. Lady Samuel, who entertained the Hadassah Unit when it passed through England on its way to Palestine, spoke in warm terms of the Unit and made special reference to Miss Henrietta Szold, the founder of the Hadassah organization. The speech was followed with close interest and reported in the local Hebrew papers at length. Lady Samuel started to study Hebrew for conversational purposes as soon as she arrived in Palestine, and for a brief period Mr. Eliezer ben-Yehudah, the veteran to whom modern Hebrew owes so much, was her Ladyship's tutor."

But Lady Battersea is not to be outdone, as can be seen from her anecdote of the late Lord Halsbury. Says her ladyship :

" Lord Halsbury was spending his 90th birthday at Sheringham, in Norfolk, in fine strength and mental vigour, on which occasion I took him a bouquet of 90 roses, plucked from my garden, together with a letter of good wishes and congratulations, and knowing that he was partial to the Hebrew tongue, I added two or three words in that language. Both the roses and the letter were duly acknowledged, but the recipient drew my attention to the fact (as shown in his letter with which I conclude) that I had written some of the words with points, others without. I was a little surprised at his having noticed my omission and asked how it was

that he was so well acquainted with the Hebrew characters, and he replied that his father, with whom he had studied, had been a very great scholar of Oriental languages. We met soon afterwards in London at some bazaar, when to my amusement, Lord Halsbury laughingly referred to my letter, and remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, to some friends who were listening to the conversation : ' Perhaps you do not know that Lady Battersea and I always correspond in Hebrew.' "

Lord Halsbury's letter is as follows :

" My dear Lady Battersea,

" I cannot wait for the aid of Buxtorf or Gesenius to criticize your Hebrew, but I must at once say how very kind and friendly it was of you to come over to see us to-day. When I get back from Lincoln, whither we go to-morrow, I will write you a full treatise on Hebrew with humble submission, as I see you have written part of it *with points*, though ' Good-day ' is without them.

" Believe me very truly, may I say

" Affectionately yours,

" Halsbury."

Pogo isn't in it !

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Probably other great Jewish ladies are " following suit." I am sure Miss Nettie Adler, L.C.C., J.P., who is an excellent public worker, must have learnt it long since. Then there is Mrs. Bischoffsheim, who did very good work during the war, and the Countess Dowager of Desart, who is a " communal worker," and is on the Committee of a good many Jewish Societies for helping women and girls.

Mrs. L. Haden Guest, who is described as a playwright and public and communal worker, Miss Kate Halford, Secretary of the Union of Jewish Women, Lady Magnus (described as an authoress) and President of the Jewish Girls' Club, the Hon. Lily Montague, J.P., daughter of the late Lord Swaythling, Lady Rothschild, who is also an active communal worker, Mrs. M. A. Spielman, President of the Union of Jewish Literary Societies, Lady Swaythling, etc.

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Among the Jews who distinguished themselves in the war, while fighting with the British Forces, are many whose names afford little clue to their particular race, and the five V.C.'s, Capt. Robert Gee, V.C., M.C., Sergeant Smith, V.C., Lieut. Frank Alexander De Pass, V.C., Corporal Leonard Keysor, V.C., and Private Jack White, V.C., are all Jews, yet, with the possible exception of Keysor, their names hide their Jewish origin. It is not quite the case among the Jewish D.S.O.'s, where we find Cohens, Elkan, Joseph, Samuel, Levey, Abrahams, Montagu, Hirch, Hyman, Aaronson, Coplans and such typically Jewish names. But we also have Commander R. Saunders, Colonel Edward Henry Lionel Beddington, Major Thomas Harry Sebag-Montefiore, Captain H. V. Landsberg, Capt. George A. Parker, whose names are not at all Jewish.

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Since 1835 when Mr. David Salomons, a Jew, was admitted to the Shrievalty, many notable Jews have served as high officers of the Corporation of the City of London. Another Jew to attain prominence in civil life was Sir Moses Montefiore, whose portrait " in oils " hangs in most houses in the Ghetto to this day. There were many others, such as Sir Benjamin Samuel Phillips (Lord Mayor in 1865), whose daughter became Lady Pirbright, Lieut.-Col. Phineas Cowan (Alderman), Sir Henry Aaron Isaacs (Lord Mayor), uncle to Lord Reading.

How does the present day Jew in civic life compare with these giants of the past ? There is Sir George Faudel Phillips, who became Lord Mayor in 1897 and rode before Queen Victoria carrying the City Sword of State during her Coronation procession through London. The " Jewish Year Book " claims Sir George as a Jew and refers to him as " a public and communal worker and ex-president of the Jews' Hospital and Indigent Blind Society." But that was in the long past. Does Sir George acclaim his Jewish race to-day ? I very much doubt it. Lady Faudel Phillips, who died in 1916, was a sister of the first Lord Burnham.

Sir Marcus Samuel of oil fame was another Jew who became Lord Mayor.

In the course of an eulogistic article in the Christmas number of the *Jewish Chronicle* Sir William Soulsby pays handsome tribute to these

great civic Jews. Of Sir Benjamin Samuel Philips he says : " He was a most popular Chief Magistrate and a first-rate speaker. He spoke equally well in English, French and German. He was very kind to me as a child. . . He died much regretted." He refers to Colonel Cohen as " an excellent magistrate " and to Sir Henry Isaacs as " a first-rate speaker, a talented musician, as was his wife, and altogether a charming man. His famous nephew, Lord Reading, then just called to the Bar, occasionally visited the Mansion House while Sir Henry was Chief Magistrate. Sir Henry was always enormously proud of his nephew, and predicted wonders of him, most of which predictions, though he did not live to see them, have been verified, though he could never have imagined that he would be Lord Chief Justice, British Ambassador to America, and Viceroy of India."

Of Sir Marcus Samuel, Sir William says he had " a splendidly noteworthy mayoralty." In the course of it his elder daughter, Nellie, was married in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House to Mr. Walter H. Levy (who served in the war with distinction and received the D.S.O.) by the Chief Rabbi. His own elder son won the M.C. in the war and his younger son was killed. Sir William adds :

" Apart from those who have served the City either as Lord Mayor, Alderman, and Sheriff, and some have filled all three capacities, many Jews have had seats in the Court of

Common Council. Mr. Lewis Michael Myers, who died quite recently in his eighty-third year, had been a member since 1887 and Deputy since 1897. He was proud of being the first Jew who was made a Deputy. Another Deputy is Mr. George H. Heilbuth, who has been a Common Councilman from 1899. Among other notable Jews in the Court there are Mr. John Elkan, M.V.O., Mr. Walter Spyer, J.P., Mr. A. Jerrold-Nathan, and Capt. Marcus. Of those who have died I recall Mr. Deputy Weingott, Mr. Moss Defries, Mr. Salomon Spyer, Mr. L. H. Phillips, Mr. Edward Lee, Mr. Marcus Sewill, Mr. Emanuel Barnett, Mr. John Harris, Major Joseph, and many more.

"Few Jews have been high officers of the Corporation, but we are very proud of having Sir Landon Ronald as Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, for he is world-famous as a musician and conductor.

"I have confined myself in this article to Jews connected with the City, but I ought not to omit to mention the pleasure I personally feel at seeing my friend, Major Percy C. Simmons, in the Chair of the London County Council, and I have the gratification of the acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Gluckstein, until recently Mayor of the City of Westminster."

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I see in an anti-Semitic book of reference that among the Jewish directors of public companies are Sir George Albu, L.C.M.S., Amery, M.P. for Birmingham, Rt. Hon. Sir John Brunner (of Brunner, Mond & Co.), Lord Burnham, Rt. Hon. Sir Ernest J. Cassel, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., etc., etc., Felix Cassel, K.C., M.P., Sir Sassoon David, Sir Davidson Dalziel, Bart., M.P., J. S. Elias (of Odhams), Baron Emile d'Erlanger, Baron de Forest, the Glucksteins, Samuel Gompers, President American Federation of Labour; Viscount

Goschen, Sir Hamar Greenwood, M.P., Baron von Hirst, Sir Charles J. Jessel, Sir Herbert Samuel Leon, Sir Leon Levison, Sir Francis Oppenheimer, Sir Lionel Phillips, Baron Pirbright, Dr. E. Rathenau, Baron Albert von Goldschmidt, Lord Rothschild, Alfred Charles de Rothschild, Evelyn de Rothschild, Baron Henri de Rothschild, James A. de Rothschild, Leopold de Rothschild, Lionel Nathan de Rothschild, M.P., Baron Lionel Walter Rothschild, Baron Maurice de Rothschild, Hon. Nathaniel Charles Rothschild, Sir David Salomons, Sir Edward Samuel, Sir Harry Samuel, Sir Edward Albert Sassoon Sassoon, Sir Edward Elias Sassoon, Sir Jacob Elias Sassoon, Sir Philip Sassoon, Jacob Schiff, Baron Schroder, Sir Felix Schuster, Sir Edgar Speyer, Sir Julius Wernher, Baron de Worms.

I confess I was not aware that Sir Hamar Greenwood, Sir Davidson Dalziel, Viscount Goschen, Sir George Albu, Mr. Amery, Sir John Brunner and many others " on the list " were Jews.

At any rate *they are not in the Jewish Communal Directory*. There is no mention of the very " Jewish " big-wigs about whom the anti-Semite makes such a fuss. Strange, is not it? But mark you, only four Rothschilds are mentioned in the " Communal Directory " which shows that you have to be somebody of note to be regarded as an official Jew.

XIV

The Jewish Girl

Just as there are many distinct types of male Jews in England and America, so is there more than one type of Jewish female. There is the type which apes the male Jewish Socialist, the "advanced thinker," the Christabel Pankhurst type of Jewess who is found in all movements which are iconoclastic in character. Her effrontery is only equalled by an overwhelming conceit. The newly-discovered dangerously little knowledge lifts her at once far above the head of her humble parents, whom she chooses to "instruct" when she does not feel contempt. She adopts a grand, patronising air over them which would be ludicrous were it not so woefully pathetic. She hardly ever graces her home unless it is to sleep; she is out and about gaining sacred knowledge . . . . The lordly attitude which she adopts towards her parents is similarly displayed before her elder sisters, who being of an earlier generation, have failed to reap the advantages of the later age.

This generation, it is true, belongs entirely to a different school; they are the slaves of the

home, cooking, washing, scrubbing all the day long. Evening affords relief by a visit to the theatre, her judgment upon which will form the sole topic of conversation for many a day to come. Latterly the "pictures" have done much to counteract the call of the theatre; the melodramatic "sob stuff" appeals to the imaginative daughter of Israel. She is carried away with the heroine, experiences her tears and her fears. One wonders how far her duties to the home suffer by this daily pilgrimage to the pictures. That she had little enough time to devote to the ablutions of the home could be observed by any visitor to Jewish houses. Her aim at making the home clean is sincere enough; but it is always defeated by a total lack of concentrated effort or business-like routine. In this respect the Jewish housekeeper is the worst in all Kitchendom. Her muddle-headedness is unsurpassed.

In searching for a reason in defence, one may endeavour to fall back on the plea that it is one perpetual grind in a house full of hungry men and grubby children; but the same conditions obtain in the homes of other poor and yet one does not find the same muddle that exists in Jewish homes. True, there is always the clean, musty parlour for best; but the daily rooms—the kitchen especially—are a poor testimonial to the young women who dress "up to the nines" at night and parade the West-end in

platoons. The fact is, I suppose, the mind of the Jewess spans beyond the drudgery of housework, as can be seen by the capture of City offices by the younger generation of Jewesses. She likes to see the home " nice and tidy " but has neither the patience nor the competence to do it herself. So you find the outward appearance of the rooms deceptively clean ; but stacked away in cupboards, corners, even in drawers, heaps of rubbish, flung together impatiently and chaotically.

Yet the Jewish girl has grand ideas. In her own clothing she has the taste of a princess. Unluckily she lacks her retinue of servants ; she has, in fact, to dress and fend for herself, so that as in the case of her home, the shell is excellent. . . . Need I say more ?

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The striking beauty of the Jewess needs no measure of praise at my hands. It is an inheritance bestowed on her by a bountiful and unbiassed nature. The figure and face of Rebecca may well bring the passionate swain post haste in her wake. But what efforts does she herself make to retain this Heavenly gift ? By the time she is thirty she has despoiled her beauty. Probably, most probably, she is married ere this and feels in consequence no need to make material carnal sacrifice for a gift which can assist her no further. Her man has wedded her, for better or worse, until death and—one must admit this—the married Jewess has no desire

for fresh conquests. So she gorges herself four or five times a day with the fattiest foods her husband's money can provide, and indulges with him in a prolificacy which plays havoc with her figure. She becomes bulky, gross and coarse. Her whole outlook centres around children, food and more children. Soon she begins to waddle, and a little later there is hardly a line left in her body; she has become a massive monument of undulating nourishment.

The chastity of the Jewish maiden is above suspicion. Illegitimacy among Jews, even in the Ghetto, is as rare as swine. But with the marriage ceremony a different complexion of the case is beheld. The virtue is only a make-believe if one remains chaste because of the Talmudic laws or convention. To be actually pure one must be so in thought as well as act. That the Jewish girl welcomes the conventional act of marriage as a relief from unnatural repressed instincts is seen in the coarse by-play, word, act and suggestion of her friends on the day of the marriage. The open scheming to get the bride and bridegroom away so that they might not further delay their indulgence of their carnal desires is entirely heathenish, Eastern and outrageous. Illegal but spontaneous sexual love is far more decent than this public preparation for the downfall of a virtuous maiden.

And Eastern ostentation—this by way of parenthesis—is not only equalled but out-done at

Jewish weddings. Emulating the glories of ancient Judæa, the modern Jew spares neither time nor expense in preparing lavish wedding feasts, which will establish his caste even as the number of decapitated heads indicates the caste of certain African chiefs.

I shall not lay at any particular door the charge of having originated that intensely vulgar custom of publicly exhibiting private gifts, but I know this, that Jewish people in particular make a special display of their confirmation and wedding presents, which few fail to give in exchange for the nuts, bananas and wine. Markie's present of an expensive pillow-case (real satin and embroidered, don't you know) stares contemptuously at Rebecca's cheaply bound set of the five books of Moses. Uncle Joe, " who happened to strike it lucky," guards his present of a tortoiseshell dressing set (obtained wholesale, of course) and points it out carefully to all those who gave cheaper presents. The set of ivory brushes " from loving Leah " looks well and the calligraphy of the inscription is clear and conclusive enough ; it does not add, of course, that the brushes were " picked up dirt cheap " on a Sunday morning in Petticoat Lane.

Besides the matter of presents, food is the all important topic at Jewish weddings. If Mrs. Kismet thinks the haul of presents may be worth it, there may possibly be a " farmed-out " breakfast at a price per head soon to be known

by all the guests. And if there is a buffet the scrimmage will resemble the Lords' refreshment tent on a hot day.

The Jewish parents at any rate do their daughters well at their weddings.

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It would ill become me if I were to leave this absorbing subject of the Jewish maiden without some reference to her extreme artistry.

So far as music, dancing and acting are concerned she may well claim a premier place. I have dealt, in another chapter, with one or two of the multitude of Jewesses who have achieved prominence in the world of music and song.

Here I just wish to pay tribute to the genuine artistic talent of the Jewish girl on the stage. At the same time, since this is written in a critical mood, I would give her a hint on one particular point. The ease with which she scores on the stage is inclined to make her think cheaply of her worshippers. Let her, I pray, not detract from her charms by cynicism and worldliness. Let her not tell us so plainly that she knows how wonderful she is. . . . If only she could cultivate a little simplicity. If only!

XV

Why Jews Have Long Noses

I AM a judge of long noses, having a fairly finely developed proboscis myself. I am told, variously, that it is due to an over-development of brains, a strong personality, climate or—just natural ugliness.

Two most interesting—and I think little known—theories have been offered me by a well-known physician and an equally well-known surgeon. They ought to interest everybody—people with snub noses, *retroussé* noses, Roman noses and noses of nuisance !

Particularly should these conclusions interest Jews. I fear that the undue sensitiveness on the part of the Great Race because of their muchness of nose usually makes the subject *de trop*. Therefore let me tell them they have missed a subject for a fascinating discussion. . . .

Permit me first to state that I am fond to the point of pride of my nasal development. Apart from the historic fact that great men all had great noses, I find myself sneering at Grecian or snub noses as being a definite psychological sign of mediocrity. Sour grapes ? All right then.

The fact remains, however, that a certain surgeon, who has achieved remarkable success with his nasal operations—giving new noses for old—incurred my deep displeasure when he offered to change this distinguished facial ornament for a pretty-pretty one. . . (If my personal friends disbelieve this, I am deeply displeased again).

Well, to go back to the two remarkable theories on why Jews have long noses. My immediate authorities are Dr. Vincent Green of Wimpole Street and Dr. J. Stewart Mackintosh of Hampstead.

Dr. Green's theory is at once brief and conclusive. The brain of normal development, he says, in effect, has sufficient room in the forehead (or brain-box, I take it ?) to permit the ordinary mental functions. But brains of abnormal development (" Such as yours, my dear Moseley ! ") require more room. Where can that room be found ? Ah, that is where the big noses come in ! And this is where Jews, who have hitherto been self-conscious and unhappy, should now be able to go about waggling their noses in glee !

The brain, which is so well developed that it needs more space, *finds an outlet in the nose.* . . .

That this is a serious theory I afterwards ascertained when two prominent surgeons refused to operate on my septum for fear of the proximity of my brain ! Fact—

So much for Dr. Green's theory.

Dr. Mackintosh, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., lives at Hampstead, where fresh air comes from and where the really nice Jews go to live. He has made a study, not so much of noses, as of the reason for them! He does not choose as a title for his subject the plain and unequivocal query which I have myself used at the head of this chapter; he calls it "The Migratory Factor in Eugenics"!

And what does it all amount to? "The population of the British Isles," says Dr. Mackintosh, "may be regarded as being primarily composed of two elements—a native element and an intrusive element."

Which is the native element? The reply is: "A branch of the race known to anthropologists as the Atlanto-Mediterranean or Iberian race, characterised by a short, slender build, a long head, and a brunette complexion."

I think Dr. Mackintosh's definition is extremely interesting and of first importance in considering why Jews have long noses. He says of the "intrusive element" that it is "derived from those races which have come from other lands and settled in the country. Of these the most important is the blond race of Northern Europe, but there are others, such as the broad-headed Alpine race of Central Europe, the Jews, gipsies, etc., who have influenced the national composition in a lesser degree."

In parts of the country you may find the pure native types ; in other parts you may discover the purely intrusive element. In the far north of Scotland, for instance, the blond element is strong ; in Denbighshire, in Wales, the old Iberian type is found nearly pure, in urban districts the observer finds that the types " tend to be inextricably hybrid."

Ah, you say, this is quite new to me and is profoundly interesting—but what has it all to do with the arresting problem of why Jews have long noses ? Gentle and Gentile reader, I am coming to that. There is, in the words of the wise medico, another phenomenon to consider.

" Following many centuries devoted to agriculture the nation, by the eighteenth century, consisted largely of an aggregation of small communities intermarrying little with each other, and undisturbed by any further intrusive racial elements. As a result the evolution of subtypes with cer tain apparently fixed characters ensued, these subtypes representing an intensive adaptation to local conditions and being clearly distinguishable on intimate observation as subtypes, though they may at the same time present recognizable traits of the original racial elements of the nation."

It would seem that in quoting this further opinion of the doctor I am weakening my own case. Since this " intrusive element " (you may well ask) has assimilated to such an extent, why is it not possible for such Eastern races as the Jews to become part and parcel of the West ? But mark Dr. Mackintosh's qualifications. Fol-

lowing "many centuries" and even then being "clearly distinguishable on intimate observation as subtypes."

Now comes the thunderbolt: (the italics are mine)

"Now my sphere of practice is situated in the north-west of London, and extends to some of the outer suburbs. *This is a residential district considerably favoured by Jewish people. I had noted, as others have done, their proclivity to catarrhs of all kinds, enlarged tonsils, adenoid growths, etc., conditions commonly associated with exposure to damp, and it occurred to me that the natural explanation of this proclivity lay in the fact that the remoter evolution of the Jews took place in South-West Asia*—that is, *in a region with a warmer, drier climate than North-West Europe.* It seemed profitable on this hypothesis to inquire whether other intrusive racial types which help to compose the British people show signs of *imperfect acclimatization to their present environment,* and I was gratified to find that plenty of information on this point was to be had for the asking. That is to say, that valuable statistics on the relation of race to disease in Europe have been collected by Beddoe, Shrubsall, and others, showing that certain racial types exhibit certain definite and specific morbid proclivities. (No suggestion is made by these writers, however, as to *why* these racial types show these proclivities.) Among the most im-

portant facts was the demonstration that in this country *blond traits are associated with* acute rheumatism, tonsilitis, heart disease, and osteo-arthritic, to which I can add, from my own observation, a *marked tendency to catarrhs from the various mucous membranes of the body and a variety of ills secondary to acute or chronic conditions of catarrh.*"

See then how my own theory, based on a first-hand study of humanity at home and abroad, is definitely supported by able medical research. Dr. Mackintosh, besides being a physician of repute, is a psychologist and a neurologist. His interest in his patients extends beyond the purely physical: he searches deep down for reasons beyond the mere flesh. One hears constant complaints of those suffering from nasal troubles. " I have been attended to for years and little or no good has resulted." You hear this plaint often. The real reason is that you belong to another climate and the real remedy is for you to go back to your natural home.

The blond Nordic race—belonging to the area bordering on the Baltic Sea, is used to less rainfall than that of the British Isles, a colder and drier winter and a subsoil mostly sandy and therefore permeable to moisture.

Says the doctor, " the inference to be drawn is, therefore, that representatives of this race among the inhabitants of the British Isles show, like the Jews, that they are not fully adapted

to our climatic conditions—though I make the reservation that there are parts of this country where climatic and social conditions are, or have been, such as to enable the blond race to reproduce itself satisfactorily after centuries of exile from the regions of its origin ; and there can be no doubt that some degree of adaptive evolution has occurred where the blond invaders have remained long undisturbed."

Note : *After centuries of exile from the regions of its origin !*

Modern social movements towards urban immigration favour the Jew since both in his remote and in his more recent history he has had much racial experience of urban life.

So far as the blond, blue-eyed Nordic race is concerned, Dr. Mackintosh is equally emphatic :

"*The blond, blue-eyed Nordic race, on the other hand, has always been, as history from the time of Tacitus onwards relates, a race requiring spacious surroundings, and not given to the construction of cities.* It has, therefore, passed through no such competitive examination as the Jews, and its modern derivatives prove vulnerable to the effects of a damp climate and soil, and are unable, as careful statistics have fully proved, to withstand the stress of town life."

* * * * * *

I must apologise to Dr. Mackintosh for quoting his remarks so fully. But as I told him when we discussed this matter at length together, the subject was of such importance that I would take the earliest opportunity of calling on his arguments to back my own theories.

" In a paper which I read in the Public Health Section of the British Medical Association," he says, " I recorded in some detail the effect I noted on country girls wishing to enter into domestic service who migrated from the Sussex Downs and the Sussex Weald respectively to the North-West of London, where a very large residential district is forming, the subsoil being composed of London clay. The gist of my observations was that the migrants from the Wealden clay apparently exhibited ready adaptation to the clay of North-West London, while those from the chalky Downs, where there is a strong infusion of the intrusive blond race, fared far less well, being handicapped by a susceptibility to damp derived from their evolution on more permeable soils and an inadaptability to urban life which is a racial characteristic of the blonde type and its derivatives.

" To make my contention clearer, I wish to direct attention to one out of several results of migration—the so-called catarrhal constitution. Every practising doctor is familiar with individuals and families (wholly or in certain members) who exhibit a special vulnerability of their mucous membranes, manifest in a readily produced disorder of the mucous surfaces and secretions caused by a lowered resistance to micro-organisms. The degree of ill-health arising from this tendency may vary from a mere liability " to catch cold " to the most profound interferences with nutrition and physical development. It is responsible for some of the most troublesome chronic ailments, such as neurasthenia, sterility, deafness, chronic gastric or intestinal catarrhs. Enlarged tonsils and adenoid growths are usually manifestations of this diathesis, and it is unnecessary to enumerate the various ills that are directly due to them beyond mentioning the notorious fact that nasal obstruction is very frequently associated with pulmonary tuberculosis."

Now comes the crucial question. Why in a given community do certain individuals show

this proclivity and others do not? Why does a family of children grow up weedy, dyspeptic, languid, readily fatigued in mind and body, liable to become victims of the ills I have just enumerated, when at birth they appear just as well-developed and sturdy as other children who remain healthy as they grow? Is the finger of scorn to be pointed at them? Do they come of base stock? Are these the "unfit" we hear so much about?

"I will give in answer the fruits of my experience," says the doctor, "in one of those immense communities forming in outer London, where the metropolis is thrusting its tentacles over the tracts of London clay. As it is largely a high-class residential district it attracts people who, in the main, come of healthy stocks, people who are winners in the battle of life, and theoretically exemplify the survival of the fittest.

"But a *quite considerable proportion of the children of those people who come to reside on the London clay exhibit this catarrhal tendency, and of these catarrhal subjects the majority exhibit traits of the intrusive elements, that is, are either blonds or blondish in colouring or are Jews. In other words, they come of racial stocks whose evolution has taken place on drier soils,* so that when they come to reside *on clay* they are affected by its coldness and humidity. Restoration to suitable conditions has meant restoration of health."

That is the answer in a big nutshell!

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These nasal obstructions create long noses. Not only that, but these unnatural migratory movements have resulted in phthisis. Girls who have left rural districts to work in great towns often return to their native district consumptive or otherwise broken down in health. In this way disease is brought to hitherto untainted rural communities.

Thus it will be seen that apart from the social, religious and political factor in the case the Jew runs a grave risk in migrating from his native home. I take leave here to add this: that the bulk of refugee Jews from Russia seem to be aware of this disharmony of their new environment. I have heard many such poor wretches who have had to flee from the tyranny of their old-time Russian persecutors exclaim: "Oh, that we could go back and live peaceably in the golden climate of home."

They knew something, those poor hunted souls!

XVI

Judaism and Bolshevism

It is singularly amusing to notice the characteristic eagerness of Jews to repudiate all connection with the latest bogey—which happens this time to be Bolshevism. There is nothing the "British" Jew dislikes more than to be on the unpopular side. He may make a pretence of being religious in order to keep well on the side of the angels but he takes precious good care that the angels happen to be on the side of the big guns. Your old-type Jew was so crushed and craven that he had no spirit left with which to fight unpopular causes. He had enough to do in looking after his own skin. One could understand that old feeling of fear in the oppressed circumstances in which the Jew was then. But it is inexplicable in this era of freedom that a better fighting spirit is not manifest among modern Jews. Why, they have not pluck enough to resist the implied threats which are flung at their heads by those who dislike Bolshevism!

The dissociation of the so-called British Jews from Russia's political policy was due more to

necessity than choice. Bolshevism providing a scare as awful, as pernicious as anarchism had in the pre-war days, the whole of the unthinking community called down shame (and worse) on anyone who happened to be of progressive political thought. There is, of course, precious little difference, except in name, between the various classes of social reformer and the Bolsheviks. But the propaganda against Russia's emancipation was so terrific and thorough as to frighten off even those who believed, under another name, in its doctrines. Certain Labour and Socialist leaders, forsooth, repudiated as " Bolshevism " tenets which they had preached all their lives. The most absurd myths were circulated, even if they were not actually credited by otherwise honest politicians and newspapers. One heard otherwise sane and honest men expounding on the Bolshevik chimera of nationalising women. Small wonder then that the moral weaklings among the Jews called down from the housetops the very system that liberated their brethren from a tyrannical Russian régime. Bowing with complete submission, and incidentally playing into the hands of the *Morning Post* and certain insignificant journals which lived by their Jewish readers who bought the paper to grow indignant over its anti-Semitic articles, the " British " Jews protested muchly on this.

Oh, for a little of the Mordecai spirit in meeting

these attacks! Or better, a little of that Eastern subtlety which the Jew reveals in other directions. Just fancy Israel feeding the mouth that bites 'em! It is amusing, is it not?

So that when the *National Review*, which is edited by a non-Jew named Maxse, printed in an article on "The Jews and the Russian Revolution" in defence of the non-Bolshevik Jew, the "British" Jews fell on his neck in their usual fulsome adulatory style. A Jewish journal called *The Guardian*, which stands for dignity rather than impudence (which would be so much preferable) thanks the editor in this style:

"Mr. Maxse's courtesy in permitting us to make use of this valuable and timely article is surpassed, if possible, by his fairness in opening his *Review* to its publication.

This, mark you, in spite of—or because—

"The *National Review* has, unfortunately for Judaism, been somewhat prominent among the periodicals—the *Morning Post* and the *Spectator* are others—which, in the words of the Recent Resident, have made the Jew the whipping-boy of Russia's woes and crimes. 'Blame it on the Jews,' has been the cry, as cruel as it has been easy, of those who have watched from near or far the cumulative horrors of Bolshevism."

So thank you, Mr. Maxse, oh thank you, honoured sir, for your kind heart. . . . Heaven will bless you, and your children and your children's children.

Amen.

P.S.—A *mocca* on your enemies!

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Indeed the wailings of the Jews against those who attack them are as loud as the wailings of the womenfolk in the presence of Death. Jewry is full of wails : oh that it were as hard as nails ! There is the " wailing wall " in Jerusalem, the wailing in the synagogues, the wailing at burials, marriages and what not. It is time Jews wiped their tears and their noses and set a bold face to the truculent enemy. Weep not, O Israel, when Some Mischievous Pimp attack thee. Fight it —if it were worth fighting at all.

Jewry fights indeed—but only against itself. It is but right nevertheless for those Jews who actually discredit Bolshevism, to say so. The absurdity of the situation, however, is in the repudiation of this political doctrine by " the Jewish Community." There are politicians of all shades in the ancient race. But because part of the anti-Semitic Press called for a formal dissociation of Judaism from Bolshevism, the Jews fell into the trap.

We assure you, dear sirs, they said in effect, that we have no sympathy at all with Bolshevism as such, but alas, " we as Jews have no authority corresponding to that of the Pope to issue encyclicals in our name, and no central citadel like the Vatican, from which such documents may be dated. The dissociation of British Jews from ' Bolshevism ' (as the ' revolutionary leaven ' is called) is proved by their record in peace and war, and we were always confident—

from our knowledge of the tenets of our common Judaism—that the same vindication would come from Russia."

So that they were extremely overjoyed to read in the *National Review* that :

" The distrust of the Russian Jews of Bolshevism was so intense that the old father of Trotsky, it is reported, had to curse his son in the Synagogue " [of which more anon]. And, again : " It had not escaped the Bolsheviks for some time that the synagogues were breeding-grounds of counter-revolutionary tendencies."

And now the comment of the *Jewish Guardian*.

" We have never doubted it for a moment. We have never failed to oppose the ill-inspired, if well-meant, attempts to extenuate Jewish support to Bolshevism, on the false ground that its ideals were at least not as bad as its practice. It is a doctrine which is bad throughout, and the curse laid on Trotsky by his father, which appeals to us as thoroughly probable, is one of the finest episodes in the history of the Jewish religion."

The curse laid on Trotsky by his father is one of the finest episodes in the history of the Jewish religion ! Is that all that Jewish history can boast about ? Rather is it in my view one of the most repugnant features of Jewish life and history, this use of foul curses.

No mother loves her children more dearly than does a Jewish mother and yet, such is the habit of cursing, she will at the merest impulse lay the most abominable curses on a recalcit-

rant child. Jewish homes resound with curses made to sound the uglier in bastard tongues. So rooted is this habit that Jewish parents whose love for their children is unsurpassed are easily moved to the most terrible curses on their own beloved :

" May you never rest in your grave."

" A fit on you."

" May your children never grow up."

" May you be struck dead."

And so on.

I should have thought that the organ of " British Jewry " would have denounced this loathsome custom of a cruder age, rather than put it on record as one of the finest episodes in Jewish history.

If this were indeed so, that history must be shorn indeed of any redeeming features.

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To go back, however :

" And, now, one word about the future. As Jews, we thank the *National Review* for procuring and publishing this living document. We trust that it will be widely distributed and fairly read in anti-Semitic circles. May we express the further hope that those circles will cease henceforth to spread the Jew-Bolshevik untruth ? They must realize by now some of the awful evil which it has wrought, not only in the lives of Jewish victims of the pogroms caused by its dissemination, but in the spirit, which is more valuable than life, of truth and honour in a distracted world. We have witnessed, in the last few months the vindication of Judaism from the charges based on the forged *Protocols of*

Zion. We hear now the historical evidence, exonerating Russian Jews either from originating the Revolution, or from early or excessive participation in the regime founded on the ruins, which they were innocent of causing. Is it not time, we ask the *Morning Post,* and the newspapers to which it gives the cue, to change its attitude towards the Jews, to look for their virtues and benefactions, to utilize the spiritual value which resides indestructibly in Judaism, to pity their sufferings and disappointments, and to help them to share in better times ? And, lastly, we would ask Lord Sydenham, and those who follow his lead : Is it not time to trust that Jews in Palestine are actuated by no worse motives than their co-religionists in England and elsewhere, and, since Bolshevism and Communism, despite a Trotsky or a Marx, are not qualities of Judaism, but defects of individual Jews, to give Judaism its opportunity to prove its worth on historical soil ? "

It is really pitiful this craven, self-depreciating appeal to those whose answer is of scorn. This Eastern eagerness to be on good terms with those who attack them, will subjugate Jewry for ever.

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A bank manager friend of mine was reading a monthly magazine. He read out the title of an article to me : " The Perils of Anti-Semitism." " Really," he commented, " I didn't know there was any anti-Semitism in England." But now he does ! The protesting Jew's article has made him think about it. Says the writer of the article, Lieut.-Colonel Waley Cohen, C.M.G., D.S.O., " As a rule these attacks (on Jews) require no rejoinder in this country. British sense of justice and fair play, and British hatred

of intolerance, treat (*sic*) the anti-Semitic movement with the contempt it deserves."

Nevertheless the gallant Jewish officer does rejoin. He thinks the attacks in England have recently taken a form particularly pernicious and sufficiently definite. "An attempt has been made to suggest that the world war was caused by a conspiracy of the Jews throughout the world in league with the Prussian Junker, and further, that the same conspiracy planned and accomplished the Bolshevik revolution." Witness the fear to be associated with an unpopular cause. Witness the stupid sensitiveness of the gentleman to a particularly childish attack, which no sensible Englishman would ever make and which few would have ever heard about if he had remained discreetly silent. There are numerous favourable criticisms made about the Jews, especially as regards the excellent services they rendered to Britain during the war ; but no Jew rushes into print about this. They are so busy penning apologetic replies of the anti-Semites, when they are not devouring each other, that they have no time to greet their friends. They wait till some nobody "pulls their leg" and goes crying to the Heavens about it. As Mr. Cohen himself mentions, over 10,000 British Jews voluntarily enlisted in the fighting forces before conscription came. Five Jews won the Victoria Cross, eighty-five were awarded the D.C.M, and there were innumerable other

decorations awarded to Jews, including the Jewish Commander-in-Chief of the Australian Corps. When I joined up in August 1914 I found that quite half the men in my company were Jews. But who is contradicting all this ? There were Irish, Scotch and Welsh among the decorated, too. You don't find the Irish or the Scotch or the Welsh writing home to mother every time some gutter-merchant throws a brickbat.

But Mr. Waley Cohen and the rest of them are for ever painfully anxious to let us know that Jews are not so black as they are painted and that, in short, they even lack the usual shortcomings of the human race. He does not suggest that they might be exhibited under a glass case, say, at the Crystal Palace, where that great admirer of the Jews, Lord Sydenham, could look in on occasion and see how they fared. . . If I suggested to Mr. Cohen that Jerusalem would be the best place for exhibition purposes he would demur with a fine show of British patriotism :

" England," says the Waley Cohens, " is our country. Judaism is our religion."

He admits that " persecution and intolerance inevitably bring in their wake a terrible Nemesis," and he points to Russia, where " the cataclysm has never been more terrible." He recalls the " inhuman régime " initiated by Pobredonostzer in Russia in 1880, which continued unchecked until 1917, " a régime which desecrated Christianity in associating their

methods with a Christian Church, a régime almost unparalleled for cruelty in the annals of history, a regime condemned intermittently by every Church (except the Russian Church) throughout the civilised world."

And yet, despite all this, despite the forty years during which the vitality of Russia was sapped by a corrupt bureaucracy, an all-powerful Secret Police, and a policy of systematic persecution, Mr. Waley Cohen, in common with other leading rich Jews, runs down the very men who succoured the Jews from their cruel Pharaohs. Because the names of those deliverers happen to be unpopular, Mr. Waley Cohen, in common with his Park Lane brethren, has not the courage to support them, to hold out the hand of fellowship, to offer them words of gratefulness and support. The men who purged Russia of a political plague worse than all the plagues of Egypt put together, might have called themselves Monkeys, Heathens or One-Eyed Cannibals, they were nevertheless worthy of Jewish prayers of thanks and favours. If anybody relieved me of such a nightmare as the millions of Jews in Russia suffered, I should be for ever their slave and brother even if the deliverer came from Hades itself. But here again the moral weakness of the Jews is manifest. If it were an English lord's party instead of Trotsky's party they would be grovelling on their best trousers before them.

Mr. Cohen and his fellow Jews move Heaven and earth to disprove what the anti-Semite moves Piccadilly and Oxford Street to prove—the relationship of the Jews to Bolshevism.

Exclaims Mr. Cohen :

" How little of Jewish origin there was in the Bolshevik system or its successful permeation of Russia is clear by the fact that the orthodox Jews, who still form the bulk of the Russian Jews, have been the subject of constant Bolshevik attention."

" All the ingenuity of the anti-Semitic band," he adds gleefully, " has failed to produce evidence of the remotest Jewish taint in Lenin."

But about Mr. Trotsky, Mr. Cohen ? Do you disown him ? Isn't he big enough to throw over ? What about Larine, President of the Supreme Economical Council, what about Kaufmann, Commissioner of State Lands, or Zinovief, the Home Commissioner, or Steinberg, the Commissioner for Justice ? Are they not Jews ? If they are, why not accept them ?

* * * * * *

Mr. Cohen cannot, at any rate, deny the presence of Jews in the Bolshevik Government. That would be all right, however, were it not for the fact that it is altogether impossible to deny it. His explanation is the right one, as it happens.

" That a number of Jews are found in the Bolshevik ranks is adequately explained by the

fact that Bolshevism afforded to Russian Jews the only alternative to a system of forty years of persecution."

Quite right, Mr. Cohen. Then why disown Bolshevism! . . . But there is also a further explanation.

"Elementary education under the Imperial régime in Russia touched but the fringe of the population. Forced into narrow Ghettos, deprived of all outlet, the Jews in Russia nevertheless maintained their traditional democratic system of education—narrow but universal. Hence when there was a dearth of officials under the Bolshevik régime the Jews in Russia formed almost the only body available and sufficiently educated and independent of the Imperial system."

That is quite so, Mr. Cohen. The Jews being brainier got the jobs. But also—and you have omitted this—the Jews in the mass are Socialists —which is a better name for Bolsheviks. You, sir, do not speak for them. You speak for the group of rich Jewish capitalists who dislike democracy in any form. You are right in saying that there is no connection between Judaism and Bolshevism. Judaism has no politics—it hardly has any creed these days—but it is a fact that foremost among the leaders of "advanced" thought are Jews. Your repudiation of Jewish Bolsheviks carries the same weight as the repudiation of Labour by British aristocrats. It is presumption on your part, therefore, to disown Bolshevism on behalf of the Jewish Community.

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There is an amusing part of the situation. The rich Jews come in for attack on the charge of being concerned in Bolshevism——which they are not.

The poor Jews (in an overwhelming majority), most of whom haven't a penny to bless themselves with, come in for attack on international questions—about which they know a tot and care a jot !

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Now let us enjoy the reasons for Trotsky's poor old dad's tearing and rending his son. According to a Berlin correspondent's breathless and unconsciously comic account, Trotsky senior is somewhat of a melodramatist. This is what is said to have happened (an account which is headed " The Damnation of Trotsky " : " His aged father calls down the curse of heaven on him " : " Synagogue drama " : " ' Hear, Israel, this is the name of thy foe.' ") No, sir, not an American sensationalist monger—just in Mr. Yiddle Blumenfeld's paper :

" I have received from an exclusive source," [exults the correspondent], " a wonderfully dramatic and vivid story of the expulsion of Trotsky from the Jewish Church.

" The sombre pomp of the thousand-year-old rites of the Eastern Jews was transformed into mediæval mysticism on the occasion of a Sabbath service in the little synagogue at Ekaterinoslav when Moses Bronstein asked for the damnation of his son Leon, better known to the world as Leon Trotsky, one of the rulers of Soviet Russia.

" The usual service had ended when one of the elders of

the community exclaimed : ' A Jew brother wants to accuse a Jew.' In the deep silence which followed these words an old man with a flowing grey beard and clad in the long black kaftan worn by the Eastern Jews, advanced towards the altar."

Moses Bronstein " majestically waving an arm and resembling in his hate and enthusiasm a prophet of Old Testament times——" I knew it ! This Berlin correspondent had been to the pictures or how ever would he know how prophets of Old Testament times looked in their hate and enthusiasm ? However, Moses Bronstein " majestically waving," etc., " spoke slowly." And well he might. And might well have the Berlin correspondent taken a leaf out of Moses' book. Said pious Moses : " I want him damned, expelled, curse, hell," and a few other words which I, as an infidel, disdain to repeat. Taking a breath—and still resembling in his hate and enthusiasm a prophet of Old Testament times, the modern Moses said (still speaking slowly) : " I want Leon Bronstein to be expelled from the community of Jews. I want him damned and cursed with the curse and damnation which since the world began is only spoken against the enemies of God—the curse of which there is no redemption, neither on earth, nor in hell, nor in heaven."

I beg to move, gentlemen, that this is an excellent story. The blind, old tottering man, the " sombre pomp of the thousand-year-old

rites of the Eastern Jews," "mediæval mysticism," "the little synagogue at Ekaterinoslav" and:

"A Jew brother wants to accuse a Jew."

If any "Jew brother" has ever actually heard this cinema caption spoken aloud anywhere—much less in the little synagogue at Eastnor (?)—let him come forward and forbid the banns—I mean let him write and say so. No wonder "a deep silence followed." It is a pity the correspondent didn't follow suit and leave the blind old man with his bodyguard of prompters and the old rabbi with his seven curses alone. Seven curses? Yea, and seventy times seven the curses on Berlin correspondents with heathenish imagination.

Straggling grey curls hung under his little black cap, and his hands had the traditional prayer straps. He was half-blind, and a group of sons, sons-in-law, and grandsons led him forward.

Moses Bronstein bowed before the altar. Then in a trembling voice he began: "I bring a charge against Leon Bronstein, a member of this community."

"What is the charge?" asked the chief rabbi.

The voice of the father became firmer and firmer. "Leon Bronstein," said the old man, "has forsworn the creed of his forefathers. Leon Bronstein has proved an enemy of Judaism. Leon Bronstein has become the curse of humanity."

" These are grave charges," replied the rabbi. " Where are your proofs ? "

Then Moses Bronstein cried aloud : " Every member of this community is a witness, every Russian, the whole world."

When silence had been restored the chief rabbi declared : " The charge is proved. What am I to do ? "

Having found the charge proved he proceeded to hear the evidence.

" The congregation then rose as one man, saying : ' He shall be expelled ! He shall be cursed ! He shall be damned ! ' "

And then another strange thing happened in this Arabian Nights entertainment. Another rabbi stepped forward (left foot first—by the right in number) and carrying a shofar (" sacred trumpet ") blew. First of all he blew towards the East, then forming fours and at the half right, he blew East-North-East. Then, at the halt, forming close column of sections, he blew again. Sticking it, Jerry, he blew that shofar east, west, south and north—not your ordinary north, south, east, west—not on your life. (I guess this 'ere picture caust dollars and dollars to produce). At the end of each reel or blast, Mo. exclaimed (with the hate and enthusiasm of Old Testament times : " 'Ere, Israel, 'ere. This is the name of thy foe," upon which he repeated the charge and curse.

Good on you, oh Berlin correspondent. But

from where and whence did the rabbi procure the shofar (" sacred trumpet ") ? We non-Jews always thought that it was used—being sacred—but once a year, viz., on the Day of Atonement and not for moving pictures—however much they moved Berlin correspondents. That only shows how foolish it was for the *Express* to replace their Jewish Berlin correspondent by an imaginative Gentile. That bright Yid, David, would never have fallen into so profound an error.

" Moses Bronstein," said the Rabbi (should this not be " hissed the Rabbi between his nose " ?), " Moses Bronstein," repeated the patient Rabbi, " Leon Bronstein is expelled and cursed. You ask for a higher punishment. The law of God compels me to ask whether you want him damned for all eternity."

You know the style " What will you 'ave, sir, thick or clear ? " As you shall see the old man wanted mixed grill, well stewed.

The excitement of the congregation became intense, but no sound was heard. All eyes were turned towards the father who had fallen on his knees. He remained silent a while in prayer. Then, rising, he lifted up his voice and said : " He shall be damned to all eternity."

At these words a woman's shriek pierced the air. Trotsky's mother, unable to endure the awful scene, had fainted.

She revived, and the ceremony continued.

The candles were lighted again one by one. All the members of the Bronstein family disowned their misled relative until finally it was the turn of the father and mother, who for that purpose were led before the altar, a space otherwise reserved only for men. They, like the others, solemnly declared: "There is no Leon Bronstein. There never was. There never will be."

Then, amid respectful silence, while every head was bowed, an old couple who had sacrificed their son to God, left the synagogue.

Really 'twere but meet that we should draw the curtain on such an affecting scene. It is rather unfortunate for this excellently conceived drama that Moses is not the name of Trotsky's father and that he does not live anywhere near Ekaterinoslav. But I am glad Trotsky's mater revived. There are hopes for us, then, who have had to read this palpitating story.

XVII

Kosher !

There is no doubt that the Jews have been beset, over and over again, with mischievous charges about certain mythical and mysterious rites. These are cruel as well as stupid ; anyone who knows anything at all about Jews and their religion would know that the Israelite is not morally strong enough to offend against the law. It takes a reckless—a foolish man, to challenge the law to any serious extent ; and as we have seen, the Jew is neither reckless nor foolish.

He is intensely religious—so long as it does not entail physical inconveniences. We have observed that he prescribes to the Mosaic laws although he works on the Sabbath, if it interfere with his business. His conscience, in fact, permits him to find ready excuses for infringing on any other law or rites which happen to run counter to his materialistic needs. Therefore, it is giving the Jew far more credit than he actually deserves by this base suggestion of his risking a charge for murder in order to carry out some dark and weird rite. His rituals are, indeed, crass and crude ; but they are harmless to others.

And yet there is in the Jewish religion, as no doubt there is in other religions, a good deal of senseless superstition which probably gives rise to those lying stories.

It is suggested in some medical quarters that circumcision is a useful and advantageous operation, inasmuch as it tends to minimise certain unholy passions. In a word the sexual desire becomes less strong. Well, I haven't noticed it. Judging, indeed, from the tendency towards prolific breeding among Jews it is the other way about ; or perhaps the operation is so often conducted without skill ; or maybe the actual cision is made at the wrong place !

However, whatever the aims or the results are, the act of circumcision in itself is monstrous and wicked. To disturb an infant of a few day's birth, exhibit it among spectators excited with the blood lust, is disgustingly barbaric. There must be something wrong with the God of Israel that an infant just arrived from the Heavens should be immediately improved upon His creation.

Let me say here that whatever the medical view on circumcision, it is not at all upon any such grounds that the loving Jewish parents permit such an outrage upon the newly-born child. I think if it were so, if the benefits desired and derived form the operation were purely sexual, the Jewish parent would stay the hand of the would-be mutilator. It is purely

because of the antiquated Jewish laws, just because of their weird religious superstition, because " it stands " so in the Torah or somewhere, that this custom yet prevails. Were the reason otherwise—were, for instance, an operation for the removal of adenoids commanded by the Torah rather than the best medical advice, there would be less nasal talk in Ghetto-land. I aver at any rate that more beneficial results would accrue from an operation for adenoids than from the operation of circumcision.

Here yet again a striking parallel with the Orient presents itself to me. The Arab mother, even more superstitious than the Jewish mother, disfigures the cheeks of her children in order to ward off the Evil Eye. In addition she permits a myriad of flies to cluster round the eyes of her infant so that at the present day myopia and other diseases of the eye are the plagues of native life in Egypt. I have witnessed in the intense summer months scenes that have moved me to pity and indignation. Children in arms were beset with flies, undisturbed by the fond but misguided parent, as if they were birds of carrion round a dead body.

Is it not time then that the East (with which I include Jewry) flung off these cruel superstitions and examined ancient beliefs under the light of modern knowledge ?

The Jewish lad who wears his holy shawl (*tallith*) or " lays " *tephillin* is not misled by the

dogma that he is the better for it. Especially the modern lad. He *knows*. The fact of his obeying these obsolete customs does not relieve him of the need of living an upright life, although many religious people lay unction to their soul that it does. Either he is good at heart—and knows it—or else he is a hypocrite. The fact of his gabbling prayers he does not understand, or kissing various be-germed holy objects, does does not make him a better man.

I have met innumerable agnostics who are more certain of a place in Heaven than a good many of these so-called " frum " Jews.

The reason why Judaism has lost touch with the modern Jew is to be seen in these antiquated observances. According to the religion proper he must not smoke on the Sabbath. But he does.

He is supposed not to ride or handle money till sunset on the Sabbath. He certainly does.

He is supposed to eat unleavened bread during the so-called Feast of the Passover, which is not possible in a workaday Christian country.

The seventh day is sombre enough without these foolish restrictions. The judgment of the Lord Almighty will assuredly not be biassed in favour of the Jewish Stiggins against the moral and healthy-minded man who smokes a cigarette on Saturday.

The fact is there is in the Jewish religion, as there is in all Churches, a money end to this business of keeping up appearances. It provides,

as nearly all grandmotherly laws provide, a host of parasitical officials who knowingly batten on the poor.

The liverly looking gentleman who gets busy when you are dead is concerned all the time with what he can make at the expense of your sorrow.

Here we may give passing attention to one more of the many stupid superstitions. Many of the Jewish observances regarding food are excellent. But they are dietic laws rather than laws of religion. It is your stomach and not the Almighty who will suffer pangs of remorse if you break them. Yet it is just as well that the Jew of the lower stratum imagines the contrary, for his tummy would have a bad time of it.

The repugnance of even the poorest Jew towards food which is not " just so," is indeed extraordinary. In the Ghetto the average poor Jew lives on a far higher scale as regards food than many a Gentile in Belgravia. For instance, I have never yet met a Jew who ever ate margarine (during the war he just went without) and I have never heard of a Jew who eats the common or garden meat which the average Christian eats. He would just as soon eat tallow candles as meat which was not of the best, and then only after being well-soaked in fresh water for about half-an-hour.

The best coffee I ever tasted was somewhere around Petticoat Lane.

Ah, says the cynic, there is no Jew who is too poor to afford the best. This assertion—so widely heard—is utterly ridiculous. The poverty in the Ghetto is truly heart-rending—but when the Jew finds enough money he eats only of the purest.

Where then does the humbug come in ? Just in the word " Kosher." " Kosher " to the Jew signifies the hall-mark of purity. This little word hung over the portico of a squalid restaurant is a beacon light which he would follow in preference to the gilded lights of the most fashionable restaurant. I refer, be it particularly noticed, to the orthodox Jew, although in respect to food the Jew who is little religious, retains the popular prejudices of his race. Eels, rabbits, oysters and other appetising foods are anathema to him. The sensible Jew eats oysters if he so chooses ; and even the more knowing Jew who is unable to conquer the bias deeply impregnated in his youth, will tell you loftily that it is not so much a question of religion as dietetics.

Jewish food laws were ostensibly framed with a view to teaching people how to live. Animals which do not chew the cud are unclean, pigs are filthy, shell-fish dangerous. And so on.

Be that as it may and one admits that the Jew is finicky on the right side, why not be frank with the people and tell them that the food laws are man-made laws to safeguard

health just as the moral laws are man-made to safeguard society ? The Almighty cannot, does not care a tin whistle whether a Jew eats ham any more than He cares whether an Eskimo eats candles. And so far as the patriarchal food experts of the Old Testament are concerned, how is it that the millions who do eat ham, who do eat eels, who do eat oysters (with champagne !) are in the very best of health the same as it leaves us at present ?

It would be dealing more fairly with the Jewish people, it would at any rate remove at least one shackle of their senseless superstition and broaden their way of thinking, if the Jewish leaders kept the Lord and the Bible out of their exhortations to eat " Kosher " food.

For be it remembered that " Kosher " food, whatever it is for the eater, is an excellent business proposition for the Jewish capitalist. He plays on that label for all he is worth. And a label it is ; no more or less. Especially on Passover.

The Feast of Passover, like the far too many other Jewish feasts, is full of superstitions, some of which have conflicting results so far as dietetics are concerned. It is, of course, an excellent thing that the Jew should indulge in a pretty thorough spring-cleaning. (What horror is there should he discover a crumb of bread during the feast week !) Likewise is it a habit to be encouraged that he washes up every

utensil used during the course of the year carefully and completely hides them and uses in their stead a complete new set of everything which has been stored away from the previous years. What a burden this is to the poor, what waste and what a farce! But this does not concern us so much. In view of the Jewish boast of thoroughly understanding what is good for the health, the habit of eating unleavened bread is inexplicable. The Jew takes this dry and tasteless cake and breaks it into pieces and piles them mountain high in his coffee. (Yes, sir, in all circles.) Then he shovels a load full into his mouth. . . .

What a time for the doctors! What a roaring trade for Boots, Beecham, and the vendors of efficacious pills! Alas, a few more pills to the people whose rich foods sooner or later bring a harvest to the chemist may pass unnoticed. But what is so crass, is inflicting this abomination upon infants. The fear of the Lord which is inherent in the orthodox leads him to sacrifice his children in the manner of Abraham, who was prepared to sacrifice Isaac. If divine intervention were as fashionable to-day as it appeared to be in that darker epoch, then surely He would stay the hand of the misguided parent who stuffed the child's sensitive stomach with unleavened bread on Passover, or bade him go hungry the whole day on the White Fast.

Religious superstition is happily at a discount

in these more enlightened days, but it would seem that the formidable and fallacious belief that the soul can be saved at the expense of the body obtains credence even now among some religious bodies.

If it were true that by penalising the flesh the spirit would triumph then suicide is not only justifiable but commendable. Nine out of ten sinners are sinners by uncontrollable circumstances. The man in normal health finds it fairly difficult to go wrong. But a body full of *motzas*, or a body starved against its will, will prompt the owner to any wayward act !

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But let us return to " Kosher " and the capitalists. During the Passover days, anything that has had contact with unleavened articles is *verboten*. An important item is milk. The Gentile dairyman who did not have new churns, bottles and (probably) cows, would immediately lose the custom of his Jewish clientèle. No small matter for him, *je vous assure*, since milk and meat are two of the most important items in the Jewish diet.

The particular Jew is not content with just a new churn ; (the " Goy " may be milking the cow while eating bread !) so he therefore takes his own jug along to the dairy and gets the milkman to milk from the cow direct into the jug. Could the observances of the Lord (or is it the Jewish food controller ?) go further ?

Now this is where the Jewish capitalist comes in. When Passover is nigh he embarks on a huge printing order—millions of labels with the word " Kosher." These he sticks on any article he sells, and the Jew's conscience is satisfied *although he usually pays double for the same article without the label.* Lemonade, for instance, is a popular non-alcoholic beverage among Jews. But he would no more think of drinking from the bottle which had no " Kosher " label than he would of eating a dish of ham. . . . Once on a time chocolate—another big item of diet—was forbidden during Passover. Then somebody came along with a label " Kosher Chocolate " and made a fortune.

Could absurdity be carried further? And among a people of rare intelligence and shrewdness! It will surely come as a surprise to the multitude of friends of the Jews to know that this enlightened people still make play with stupid beliefs, the effect of which is that you can be admitted to Heaven only if you are labelled " Kosher! "

XVIII

Anti-Semitism

There is not a vestige of decency, a semblance of tone, or an ounce of logic in anti-Semitism. Granted that Jews have long noses, that they excel in finance, that they are not robust, that their religion is as antedeluvian as most religions, that they are dreadfully sober and ridiculously law-abiding, that they change their names for better ones, and pick their teeth in first-class carriages—granted all that and more, there is no tithe of right for the superior attitude adopted by the anti-Semite. He may not pick his teeth publicly but he most probably picks the brains of the Jews he attacks; he may be envious of their financial acumen, as we are all envious of the song of the nightingale, the fleetness of foot of the hare, or the gracefulness of the gazelle; but we have better manners, greater sense and more sporting spirit than to make war upon the nightingale, the hare and the gazelle. Besides it is cowardly to attack Jews as Jews, especially since the Chosen Race has never had a fair chance. Nevertheless before Jews can win the respect and admiration of other races they must

feel a respect and pride in themselves. And I know of no Jew who has. Yet—who is perfect enough to throw stones? We have been made fully acquainted with the "unspeakableness" of the Scot, the "perfidiousness" of the Welsh, the "cussedness" of the Irish and God knows what of other nations. What about ourselves? As that "unspeakable" Burns said (so often quoted in vain):

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us
And foolish notion.

Or, as Shakespeare put it, "Oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves." No, we do not spit in spleen against our neighbours for their faults. It affords one relief—some would say natural relief—to fling abuse at another's head because it is not so shapely as our own! It may be a relief, but it is very shallow and stupid. It has been a great relief to myself and I hope a great benefit to my readers, to have got off my chest the criticisms of my friends the Jews. But I have no desire whatever to make war upon them, or to fight them unfairly. There is no vindictiveness, no bad blood, and I trust no bad grammar in my criticisms.

Now where I am bound to take the anti-Semite

to task is that he usually fails in all those attributes which go to make up decent controversy. The anti-Semite is lop-sided, one-eyed and crotchety. If he dislikes a certain Government he calls it Jew-ridden. If in the tricky game of diplomacy his perception fails him and he is puzzled, he takes refuge in shouting out something about hidden hand and brotherhood of Jews. This chimera of the "brotherhood" of Jews rather let him down badly in the war, when he saw that the so-called brothers were fighting each other on behalf of the particular country of their adoption. "British" Jews made short work of "German" Jews in the war, believe me—a spectacle inevitable but pitiable. . . . No, that kind of tactics which imputes all evils and admits of no virtues in a people is unfair and I will have no hand in it.

I would prescribe for the anti-Semite the greatest of all studies—the study of man (and a couple of liver pills).

The tragedy of such attacks on race is that the wrong people usually suffer. My Lord Bucolic hates Lord British Moses; therefore he writes—or gets his secretary to write, since he certainly is not capable of a literary effort himself—an article on "The Jewish Menace; or Who Pinched the Pork." Lord Bucolic gets this inserted into a newspaper which he owns in his own name or that of a hireling. His attack is like water off a duck's back on the people he

actually aims at ; but it gives pain to the multitude of good denizens in the Ghetto who are as much to be feared in a world menace as Queen Anne's kittens.

The big Jews in their worldliness are as callous and as contemptuous as the big Catholics are to the attacks of small Protestants ; and *vice versa*. That jolly soul, Solly Joel, is as much perturbed at the ravings of Lord Crystal Palace as he is if it snows in Chicksand Street. Mond doesn't mind any more than the Chief Rabbi would care if the Derby favourite caught the measles.

But it is the poor Jews, the toilers, the decent Jews, those who are heart and soul grateful to England, who love her as the first country, whose memory of her will be as soft and grateful when the resettlement in Palestine is an accomplished fact—these are the harmless and defenceless folk who are pathetically sensitive to the anti-Semitic splutterings. It is stupid policy, to say the least, to strive and embitter these Jews as was the short-sighted policy which succeeded in embittering that similarly soft-hearted race, the Irish. They call it patriotism to sneer at these races ; when it is just dangerous drivel.

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Nevertheless, there is no doubt at all that the Jews ought to go back to their own country. That is the pious hope not only of the anti-Semite but of the Jew himself. Except of course

the " British " Jew, whose intention it is to hang on here till the Messiah comes.

" Go back to your own country ! " is not only a taunt but a good wish. " Next year in Jerusalem ! " is the pathetic and heartfelt prayer of every true Jew. And yet, such is the perverted attitude towards the Jew that the very people who could wish him in Jericho's picturesque neighbourhood, wish to withhold his country from him.

That hair-brained publicist, Lord Sydenham, who is not even an ornament among his newly-adopted brethren, suggests in one sentence how nice it would be to be rid of the Jews and in another he talks of the attack of the Zionists on the liberties of the Palestinians.

His illogical lordship is one of a small but noisy band who insist that the Act of Settlement of 1700 A.D. be restored. This is the Act which laid it down that no person born out of the Kingdoms of England, Scotland or Ireland shall be capable to be a Privy Councillor, a Member of either House of Parliament and so on. If these pushful patriots had but a sense of humour they would bar the Irish and Scotch with the Jews, since Ireland at any rate wants the English as little as this band of Englishmen wants the Jews. He writes :

" Here is a specimen of the ' new ideology ' said to have been ' created ' by the working classes, though it was contemptuously flung at their heads by a bourgeois German Jew.

" I think I would be right in saying that you might enter the service of the enemy for a definite purpose of assisting the revolutionary movement by getting information. . . . You might for example take a gaffer's job, or a manager's job or a Secret Service job ; in a word, you would be doing quite a good thing by taking any kind of job if it was done to assist the revolutionary movement."

" Conceive," exclaims his lordship, " the kind of citizen that such teaching might produce ! "

His whole argument is adduced in order to show the " new ideology " *of a Jew.* Witness then his postscript, which like that in a woman's letter, contains the whole gem :

It has of course been stated that Marx was not brought up in the Jewish religion, which is irrelevant to the Jewish problem.

If this is a sample of straight criticism, commend me to the Oriental, whom Lord Sydenham apparently despises. As for the " new ideology," which he also affects to scorn—entering the service of the enemy—Heaven ! has not his naïve lordship heard of Britain's wonderful Secret Service in the war and at Scotland Yard ?

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It seems to be as difficult for the anti-Semite as it is for the Jew to be at all sensible in matters affecting his beliefs. The Jew is stupidly intolerant of the anti-Semite's criticism just as the anti-Semite is absolutely hair-brained in his intolerance of everything Jewish.

It is the fear of looking ridiculous that makes

the Jew actually ridiculous, just as the intensity of the anti-Semite's hate puts his case beyond all sensible limits. This is the kind of tirade that pulls the reader up with a jerk and will not suffer him to continue :

" It is an acknowledged fact that the late Jacob Schiff financed the Japanese in their war against Russia, and financed the ' Russian ' Revolution of 1905 ; and remembering that Bronstein, alias Trotsky, hatched his plans in America, and that when a prisoner in British hands he was released for his hellish ' mission ' by order of the Jew-controlled ' British ' Government, there remains not the smallest room for doubt that the entire Nation of Jewry is responsible for the crucifixion of Russia as it is for all the horrors of the war, the hypocrisies of the ' League of Nations,' and the treasons of the so-called ' Peace.'

" It must not be imagined that Russia is the only victim of the Sages of Zion according to the programme of their diabolical Protocols. For ' Russia ' read ' England ' and you have a closely parallel state of things. Before the war Jewry controlled the ministers of the Czar just as completely as Jewry controlled Asquith and Lloyd-George through Cassel, Speyer, Mond & Co. When Asquith fell, Jewry controlled and still controls the Lloyd-George Government just as completely through Sassoon-Rothschild, Cassel, Mond, Samuel Isaacs and their brethren planted in every department of the State where places of profit and strategic importance are to be held. The use made by Jewry of half-Jews and ' damped ' Jews is just the same in England as it was in Russia.

" The Jewish Peril is no longer merely a ' peril ' : it is a hideous fact. Jewry is in charge of the world's wealth and the world's politics. The sooner Britons face this fact—as they have faced unpleasant facts before—the sooner will the world have Rest and Peace. Up to the present there

has been no sort of impediment placed in the way of the carrying out by the Sages of Zion of the programme laid down in their Satanic ' Protocols.' "*

* * * * * *

All of which is the veriest drivel. You might just as well substitute " Scotsmen " and " Irishmen " in place of " Jews."

Here is another sort of criticism written by a Mr. Marsden, who represented that very staid and reserved journal for butlers, *The Morning Post.*

To do the correspondent justice he had had a pretty bad time of it in Russia ; but the best type of journalist does not permit personal inconvenience to colour his views. Another journalist I know came back, after disagreeable experiences in prison, furious with his oppressors, but was highly impressed so far as their work for Russia's salvation was concerned. This correspondent, however, like Mr. Marsden probably, had to write for publication views that coincided more with his newspaper's requirements than his own personal beliefs.

And this is the kind of rubbish doled out to the British reader :

" The Jews willingly give their women in marriage to Christians whose station in life makes it worth while, and they pay dowries for such connections that compare with those of American heiresses ; but I doubt whether they ever pay out the money without keeping some kind of a hold

*(Since conclusively exposed as an anti-Semitic forgery.)

on one end of the string—their religion forbids it, and their rulers only countenance it for expediency's sake, that is 'for the good of Jewry.'"

This critic answers himself in another paragraph :

"The Jew, by his religion, must spread his seed as widely as possible, *but may only marry a Jewess.*"

Or :

"In Russia the Jew readily accepted Christianity if there was anything to gain by it. The custom was for the new-christened Jew to take the name, patronymic and surname of one of his Christian godfathers, so that Moses, the son of Jacob Rubenstein in a moment became Ivan Ivanovitch Ivanov, etc. These conversions did not cut him off from his tribe, whose interests he continued to serve in all but a very infinitesimal percentage of cases. The Russians call these Jews not 'christened' but 'damped' Jews, not admitting that any amount of holy water can ever make a Jew a Christian ; there is the reason and knowledge behind this universal phase which lies behind all folk sayings."

This somewhat involved paragraph also supplies its own answer, but I may add that actually the Jew has great contempt for a "converted" Jew and has a particularly abusive term for him.

And mark !

"The Jews, to-day, are the only people in Petrograd able to walk steadily."

Shame, shame, sir !

"On the other hand, there is room for believing that for the first time since the fall of Jerusalem, there is a split in

Jewry, into Old and Young Jewry. The last are annihilists to a man, that is, they apply to everything Christian the *delenda est* and care not what means are used. I am not sure that Old Jewry is quite with them, but so long as Christians suffer, they look on with secret approval. But if ever the Russian people rise and begin to slaughter these Jews, you will find the whole world ringing with tales of horror, and you will find Christian Governments hurrying to sacrifice the lives of their own Christian subjects to kill the Christian subjects of Russia for mis-handling Jews."

This is an unexpected support of my contention that a new Jewry has arisen. But I may tell my half-informed correspondent that Old Jewry does not look on " with secret approval " when Christians suffer. All Old Jewry wants is to be let alone, which is the pity of it.

Further, in reply to his statement that " the Rabbis are not abolished, even on paper," I will just say (in capitals) : " NO MODERN JEW CARES A TWOPENNY DAMN ABOUT HIS RABBIS ! "

Finally :

" Jewry is a *nation* with its own (secret) Government and has been governed by a Sanhedrim or modern equivalent all through the ages."

Millions of Jews would rejoice to know this. But is this miraculous Jewish Government so secret that we cannot be told even where its headquarters are !

XIX

Yiddle Zangwill

There are more biters than writers in Jewry and Mr. Yiddle Israel Zangwill's claim to distinction is in what while others smote, he wrote. He made novel of a hovel, becoming a veritable Attila among the attics of Petticoat Lane. He "showed up" his Yiddisher neighbours and, "learned" the *schnorrers* who was really King. His "eddication" was achieved in Bell Lane, Spitalfields, a thoroughfare as narrow as his outlook. He has since moved to a more "salubrious and select" neighbourhood, and mixes among the *Goyim*. While his English is Mayfair his mind is still Bell Lane and his manners Brick Lane. He suffers from a diarrhœa of words among other things. He lisps like the three-hatted Jew of the stage and has as much generosity as a bilious Scot.

Apart from all this he is an excellent fellow. He has a fine pair of tonsils, has his boots cleaned on the Sabbath and has married a Christian lady. He has been said even to smile, although there is no direct testimony on this score. Yiddle Zangwill takes himself most seriously and is, as a matter of fact, as cheerful as an Irish wake.

Zangwill refers somewhere to the Jewish type which is often physically "unlovely" and psychically "one of the most disagreeable our planet has produced."

And Zangwill ought to know! In his poem "Israel" this is what he has to say of his co-religionists:

"Pious, fanatical, zealots, throttled by Talmud-coil,
Impious, lecherous sceptics, cynical stalkers of spoil,
"Wedded 'neath Hebrew awning, buried 'neath Hebrew sod
Between not a dream of duty, never a glimpse of God;
"Blarneying, shivering, crawling, taking all colours and none,
Lying a fox in the covert, leaping an ape in the sun."

No wonder it is quoted, gleefully, by the anti-Semites! And I see that the gentle creation of Sherlock Holmes was moved to rebuke him publicly.

"Zangwill is a man I consider should play a better part in representing this country abroad. I can remember going to see his play, of which the thesis was what a splendid time the Jew would have if he only reached America. There were only two lines referring to Great Britain and they were a sneer."

"As I watched the play (continued Sir Arthur) I saw sitting in a box the Lord Chief Justice of England—a Jew.

When we have one Jew ruling India and another carrying out that rule, a little recognition on the part of a prominent writer would be in good taste."

Good taste! Sir Arthur expects too much from a man who no more speaks for modern Jewry than he does for Oliver Cromwell.

This is what the *Times Literary Supplement* has to say about him. It first refers to "this long book."

"In this long book Mr. Zangwill argues with most of the people who have, at one time or another, denounced, derided, or disparaged the Jews; and it is, of course, quite easy to dispose of many of the sweeping allegations popularly brought against them. Some of these are mutually contradictory; others are grotesquely absurd. Nothing, for instance, could have been more ludicrously unjust than the attribution of the Black Death to the poisoning of the wells by the Jews, who would not have known what poison to use for the purpose, even if they had desired to bring the calamity about. Nor will the prominence of Jews in the counsels of Soviet Russia persuade any sensible person that the Rothschilds, the Samuels, and the partners in the House of Kühn, Loeb and Co. are eager partisans of Bolshevist economics. Nor does it seem reasonable to stigmatize all Jews as pro-Germans, when we reflect upon the military services of Sir John Monash, the impassioned pamphlets of Mr. Otto Kahn, and the fact that the anti-Semites of Junkerdom chased Dr. Rathenau out of the office in which he was rendering most valuable services to the German State during the war. Point after point of that sort can be made, until the prejudice appears to have been robbed of nearly all its content. Yet anti-Semitism remains and needs explanation."

Can Mr. Zangwill explain it ? I am quite sure he cannot, since he himself is an explanation of anti-Semitism.

" Some of Mr. Yiddle Zangwill's explanations," proceeds the writer, " are quite disarming in their candour. He speaks of the Jewish type as often physically ' unlovely,' and psychically ' one of the most disagreeable our planet has produced.' That may or may not be so ; but the appreciation, even if just, does not seem to us to go to the root of the matter ; and the suggestion that anti-Semitism is inspired by stupid people's jealousy of clever people hardly accounts for the anti-Semitic sentiments of such men as M. Clemenceau, Mr. Belloc, and Mr. Chesterton. We must look deeper. The objection to Jews is not everywhere equally intense, because they do not everywhere make themselves equally objectionable. ' Every country,' as a philosopher once said, ' has the Jews that it deserves ' ; and our own case is relatively meritorious. But the objection exists, and is reciprocated ; and it is partly instinctive, like the mutual antipathy of dogs and cats, and partly political."

* * * * * *

I do not agree with anything that the *Times* says in this essay on "Semites and Anti-Semites " ; but I thought at the time that the article was so sensible that I preserved it, little thinking how useful it would prove to be ! And

also, as we shall see, the *Times* gives colour to my strong theory that race rather than religion makes the Jew; and that race being Eastern is in direct conflict with Western ideas and types.

"Religion counts for little in the matter. It is not the most violent anti-Semites who subscribe most liberally to societies for the conversion of the Jews. One cannot picture Pierre Loti going among the Jews as a missionary.

> *"The real trouble is that the Jew is an Asiatic and a Semite, and that Europeans and Asiatics and (more particularly) Aryans and Semites, though they may respect each other, are fundamentally incompatible.*

"They have long, as Mr. Zangwill several times insists, had to live together in 'symbiosis'; but they have nowhere where Jews are numerous quite arrived at that static symbiosis which the word 'health' implies. Their relations to each other, whether they realize it or not, resemble those of the cells whose mutual hostility results in that 'warfare in the human body' which Mr. Morley Roberts has lately represented as the hidden cause of malignant disease. Pogroms, if we look at the matter from that point of view, may be regarded (in common with the lynching of negroes in the United States) as the analogue in the body-politic of cancer in the physical body. They begin, just as cancer begins, with local irritation. They are

its inevitable outcome, if the irritation be sufficiently intense and protracted, just as X-ray dermatitis is the invariable sequel of the breaking down of connective tissue by sufficiently prolonged exposure to the rays."

As I insisted in " A Singular People "—a point which roused the fury of " British " Jews—it is just nonsense to call a Jew an Englishman simply by reason of his being born in England.

" So much for instinctive anti-Semitism. Philosophic anti-Semitism occurs when the instinctive prejudice is reinforced by political considerations.

> *" The Jew, it is felt, though dwelling in the midst of us, is not really one of us, but is animated by a herd instinct which affiliates him to another herd, international and widely distributed.*

" The same thing may be said, of course, and, indeed, often has been said, of Jesuits, or of those international financiers who are not Jews; but there is not, in their case, the same instinctive repulsion for the charge to play upon. Even in the case of Jews, when they are not too numerous, and times are quiet, the political protest is heard only in narrow and excited circles. Were it otherwise, we should never have seen Benjamin Disraeli Prime Minister of England. But in times of war and turmoil, when the cry is heard that the country is in danger, things are different.

" The Jew then easily becomes an object of suspicion, precisely because of his cosmopolitan interests and sympathies. Proceedings and utterances, which in others are regarded as merely manifestations of individual perversity, are in his case attributed to racial perversity.

" It is hardly expected that he will react, as other men do, to the emotions of the hour. Even when he appears to do so, the genuineness of the reaction is questioned ; and he is, in truth, *rather apt to assume an attitude of critical aloofness which other people find exasperating.*"

The *Times* is more measured in its reference to Yiddle Zangwill's laboured epigrams. I called it a diarrhœa of words ; they call it " verbal fireworks " and " cheap buffoonery."

" That is a habit into which Mr. Zangwill himself has fallen. His enthusiasm for Jewry would always be admirable if it were not sometimes inopportune. He expresses it with a mystical eloquence which, in spite of the occasional interruption of verbal fireworks and cheap buffoonery, even those who do not share it can enjoy. *What one misses in his work is any sign of an equal enthusiasm for England, or for any of the causes for which England and the Entente were fighting.* Even President Wilson seems to him a contemptible figure, not because his ignorance of European conditions made it easy for Europeans to jockey him at the Conference table, but because, after announcing that he was ' too proud to fight,' he allowed his pride to be overcome by provocation. ' Wilson's first thoughts were best,' he writes ; and again :—' Wilson's way of getting Peace was to stave it off for a couple of years, at the cost of rivers of blood and mountains of gold.' A pretty ways of thanking

an Ally who cast decisive forces into the balance at the most critical hour of the conflict! A comment which readily explains—what Mr. Zangwill finds it so hard to understand—why such acute thinkers as *Goldwin Smith have raised the question whether Jews are capable of patriotism.* Some people will think that it not only explains the raising of the question but also, so far at least as one Jew is concerned, supplies the answer.

" The fact appears to be that the whole of Mr. Zangwill's political outlook is dominated by the problem of Zionism (and he seems to consider that, if only the ends of Zionism could be achieved, it would be justifiable to employ even the methods of Prussianism in securing them). His trouble is, of course, that the Promised Land is at present occupied by Arabs, just as it was occupied in the days of Joshua, by Hivites, Perizites, Jebusites and the rest; and though he does not, in so many words, recommend that they should all be hewn in pieces before the Lord, he does advocate measures which might very well have that practical result, and are at any rate glaringly inconsistent with any principle of the right of small nationalities to self-determination. He wants the Arabs deported. He suggests that they might be willing to withdraw ' from the impending pressure.' Then he indicates what the nature of the pressure would be: ' The Arabs should recognise that the road of their renewed national glory lies through Baghdad, Damascus, and Mecca, and all the vast territory freed for them from the Turks, and be

content, so far as Palestine is concerned, to be politically submerged. As for the means of enforcing the submersion, 'the small but expansible Jewish force' should be 'backed up by Britain or the Allies, exactly as Poland or Czecho-Slovakia has been backed up.' Deportation, political suppression, military alliances—that strikes one as a pretty programme for a pacifist. It is a programme which 'surprises by himself' when encountered in a volume which devotes seventy pages to demonstrating that 'the legend of the conquering Jew' is as baseless as the fabric of a vision."

A splendid essay. But Zangwill no more represents modern Jewry than Shylock. Solly Joel is more representative. Fact!

XX

On Changing One's Name

The difficulty in tracing Jewish celebrities is by reason of Jewish modesty. The average Jewish celebrity—and there are more than the average Gentile thinks—hates to acclaim his triumph in the face of his own race. His sense of reserve, his disinclination to be made a fuss of, his natural love of being lost in a crowd—all this prompts him to make light of his success in Jewry. Indeed he goes to great pains to hide his triumph from his fellow Jews. He removes from their midst, he "changes" his religion, thinking thereby that he thus changes his race, and he even goes to the length of changing his name.

Unless the querulous reader should protest or even faintly suggest that I am prejudiced in the matter let me say at once that I am in perfect sympathy with the man who changes an unwieldy name for a more tasteful one. I am myself thinking of changing my name from Moseley, which sounds too Jewish, to Moses. I sympathise with Mr. Petiposki in his desire to

clear up the mess left by his parents. Why on earth shouldn't he? Oh, that it were possible for some of those I have met to effect a similar metamorphosis in other directions! . . . As I have already indicated, according to the surgical advertisements, it is possible not only to change your name but your nose. By the use of an instrument which you tie on to the proboscis during the night a marvellous change may result. You go to bed, say, with a Roman nose, and wake up with the Grecian ornament. . . Of course one guesses the difficulties and bewilderment that may arise from such sudden alterations. Mr. Yiddle Petiposki effecting the double change so that he becomes next morning Mr. Peters, with a *retroussé* nose, should take care not to exclaim in public: "Vell, I nefer did such a tink!" Peters, alas, must speak and act as a genuine Peters would. He must live up to his nose.

Nevertheless Mr. Petiposki is justified in altering his name. His is the artistic sense indeed. There is, I aver, no less reason for a man's changing his name than there is for changing his politics or his pants. The well-meaning parents of one era who manacle their offspring, who have to live in another era, with an unsuitable name, should be entirely disregarded in the matter. The reason for the tardy progress of mankind is due in the main to our thinking after the manner of our grand-

mothers and living after the mode of our great-uncles. There is no reason at all why names, religion, politics and prejudices should be handed down as family heirlooms. Let each man start afresh according to his own light. Let him, if he can or will, throw off the beliefs and ideas of his progenitors and formulate his own. If they happen to concur with his own, so much the better. If his name be not to his taste ; if it fail to inspire him ; if it be one with which he himself would not have oppressed his own offspring, then I say change it—and change it quickly.

Why, to point a finger of suspicion or derision at a man who has discarded a name which sounds like an African disease is as foolish as scorning a man who shaves off his moustache. Indeed, I often pity some of these poor, nomenclature-burdened foreigners because the only thing they can change is their name. The drawback is that such a change is usually made late in life so that a certain amount of confusion may arise at first. I should like to see a hospital for nomenclatural operations so that one might effect the necessary operation in infancy—about the same time as you have your adenoids removed. The metamorphosis could thus be effected early in life without the embarrassment which publicity gives in after life. For instance, in a list before me I observe that Mr. Schmitz of Yorks has, by a stroke of the pen, been

transformed into Macdonald. By a like process Pfistermeister becomes Masters

Schworm	becomes	Millington
Schweigert	,,	Palmer
Rosenberg	,,	Robson
Rosenthal	,,	Rodney
Schultz	,,	Scott
Schwabacher	,,	Shaw
Schlerdler	,,	Sinclair
Schlenchen	,,	Spencer
Krauss	,,	Keane
Herdenheimer	,,	Hyde
Kaufmann	,,	Kaye
Koenigsfield	,,	Kaye
Kirchbaum	,,	Knight
Blumenthal	,,	Brent
Oppenheimer	,,	Fowler
Bernhardt	,,	Galsworthy
Grunbaum	,,	Greenwood
Hinrichs	,,	Herrick
Baumann	,,	Beaumont
Gunzenhauser	,,	Gee
Gottlieb	,,	Graham

And a thousand others in the same manner. You may perhaps notice the *penchant* towards adopting names of English writers, such as Beaumont, Fletcher, Herrick, Galsworthy, Scott, Shaw, Spencer, etc. I think it shows excellent taste and it must be so complimentary to those whose names are, thus, borrowed.

It is regrettable, true, that because of these changes, it is so difficult to give due credit to the nations that begot these wondrous men. England gets all the credit of their achievements—what?

XXI

"A Singular People"

Jews can by no stretch of imagination be regarded as epidermidal; on the contrary they have a skin as thin as the average detective story; a consciousness as sensitive to criticism as the *nasus* is to the smell of spring onions. Their plate registers ridicule, scoffs, sneers, jeers and gibes with the same mysticism as a photographic plate records strange faces at a spiritualistic séance. Where the normal person sees nothing out of the ordinary the ultra-psychic makes haste to place extraordinary interpretations upon the tiniest smudge, the veriest smear. The merely normal person sometimes has some strong term for those highly sensitive folk who imagine that only the intensely spiritual have a use on this earth. I feel myself ready to describe the fussiness of the Jew in all matters affecting his nationality as stupidity, cupidity or sheer intolerance. In order to illustrate what I mean I am impelled to give a pointed example of this lop-mindedness! In this instance it concerns myself and I would not mention it did it not so glaringly substantiate my contention.

I wrote a novel about Jews. It was an intimate and serious study to which I had devoted much time and thought. The story was sincere and real enough inasmuch as I had written it, as all my books have been, from the life. Was there one word of prejudice in it? One word to which a broad-minded Jew could take exception? The lay Press without exception (apart from the book's merits or demerits as a novel) interpreted it just as I wrote it. So far as I know not a single lay paper or theological journal of any sect except the Jewish, misunderstood it. Even those who had criticism on its construction realised at once its strong plea for the Jew. Permit me just to give an occasional extract so that the reader may compare it with the Jewish. The *Star* declared it "An outspoken defence of the Jew." It added:

"The author has given us, as no other writer has given us since Mr. Zangwill, a vivid picture from within of life in the Ghetto. As a character study of the various types the novel is excellent, as a defence of Jewry it is bold and forcible."

Punch thought it "vivid and sincere," and "the pictures of Jews and of Jewish life unforgettable."

The Evening News said it was "genuinely moving" while *The British Weekly* made this significant comment:

"'A Singular People' is notable, not as a novel, but as a protest. *And having heard of late much vague and malicious talk in drawing-rooms on the subject we think Mr. Moseley's book may have an effect.*"

The Bookman declared it to be

"An extraordinary book, this study of the Jewish race, and there is evidently much investigation and sureness of knowledge behind it. The young hero . . . is so strongly and finely depicted that one is convinced, for the moment, of his reality and the integrity of his history. Related with skill and a power of pathos, occasionally of humour, which places the author in a new light; and the later scenes, in Egypt and Palestine, are equally well conceived."

And I could go on quoting *ad finem*—from the *English Review* to the popular twopenny weeklies. I should like to give all this evidence against the Jewish which I give below. But I will risk giving the *Yorkshire Observer* since it reflects the views expressed in a number of letters written personally to me:

"At a time when Zionism is in the air, though not yet, perhaps, an altogether concrete fact, a sympathetic and understanding study of the Jew as seen in England is very much to be welcomed. And Mr. Moseley's book furnishes a picture which, being drawn from within the London Ghetto, opens up to our eyes and our intelligence views of this truly strange and wonderful people, quite new to the ordinary man and woman of to-day. True, we have Mr. Zangwill's clever and instructive studies, but they were written a generation ago, when the idea of the Jew's return to his homeland was certainly hardly thought of. To-day it has become a matter of practical and international politics. We are accustomed to the common feeling towards Jews in Britain, a mixture of suspicion and dread, with little of the sense of brotherhood or kinship, that it is quite usual to hear: 'I don't like the Jew.' In Mr. Moseley's book we get a first-hand account of Jews in their homes, their schools,

their business, the children and young people, their aspirations after British citizenship, their love for their adopted country—the only country in Europe where they are free and unpersecuted—and the hopes of the older generation of returning to Jerusalem as a free and independent people. Their simplicity and honesty, as depicted here, are surprising to those who have been accustomed to think of guile and duplicity as inseparable from the race. The story in this book is, perhaps, the least part of its interest, but it is well told, and there are many tragedies, romances, joys and sorrows of the Ghetto, little guessed at by the stolid Britishers, surrounding this alien folk."

Only the extraordinary mind of the Jew could, in spite of these universally expressed views, see " ridicule " and " poked fun " in such a work. If I had been a paid propagandist of the Jews or a fanatical adherent (as so many Jews are) I could not have achieved more among the Gentile public. But, alas, I ventured here and there among the praise to be candidly critical. I said, as I have said in this book, that the Jew is essentially Eastern and that the claim to be a British Jew is a contradiction in its terms. It is just those Jews who used to be regarded as somebody else who are the most Jewish. I also tried to save the sombreness of the Ghetto atmosphere by a little lively chaff. And this is why the Jewish papers, Shylock-like, pounded away at my flesh.

" By the hem of our shawl, by the moulting whiskers of our forefathers, he pokes fun and pours ridicule at us ! " wailed the leading paper

in British Jewry, whichever one that is. Is it not sad, oh reader, this perpetual fear of being made to look ridiculous? Quoth another, the *Jewish Guardian*, a pale imitation of the *Jewish Chronicle*, which is itself a pale imitation of pukka journalism: "He seems to have gone to a bigoted Zionist for his chapter on the British League" (he does not say British Jews). The gentleman who edits this paper wrote wanting to know what I meant by "Jews who imagine that they can be British" and wondered if I could give him "the pleasure of a call, when we might have a talk about it." His letter is typically Jewish—this British Jew. He does not know whether to fawn or be frigid. He will not hit out openly but hides his opinions behind a self-abasing, humble, crawling style. His idea no doubt was to do what so many chicken-hearted do—to attack in public and withdraw in private. But I wasn't having any. I replied to "the editor" (since he, quite characteristic of Jews in debates took refuge in anonymity) saying I had no desire to discuss privately with him the views I had made publicly!

All this, mark you, is more than a personal issue. I have received too many buffetings in the course of my public work to care a fig about the bleatings of a few stray sheep of Israel, but that incident helps one, as does the following, to understand the "other side" of the Jew.

Permit me to make it clear, however, that I do not withdraw one word of what I have written in " A Singular People." The Jews are, indeed, intensely loyal to the country of their adoption ; so much so indeed, that they would sell their own birthright for British nationality. When I begin to wonder why this " straddle " is not possible I think of Yiddle Zangwill dressed up as a Britisher and I am tickled to death. Just as well white-wash a nigger and call him American.

XXII

The Jewish Gentleman

That the Jew is an admirable fellow in many ways few will deny. I showed what a really good chap he was in my Jewish novel. Here, as I indicated at the beginning of this book, I have pointed out a few of his faults—many of which he can easily remedy if he will but recognise them and set about reforming himself instead of being so stupidly sensitive about well-meant advice. The ignorant will probably say, as they do on the smallest provocation, that I am "running down the Jew." The intelligent reader will know better.

He has a model (oh please, sir, not me !) among his own people. I refer to the Jewish gentleman —the real, solid, decent fellow.

Alas, he is hardly heard of within the Community, much less outside it. But I have met not a few of them. These, the very best Jewry has to offer, efface themselves when they should in fact be in the forefront of matters Jewish. It is time that a few whom I have mentioned were

exceptions to this general rule. The rest attend their synagogues and live clean uplifting lives according to the highest tenets. If the world of Gentiles could see a little more of this type instead of the Yiddle Zangwills with their lisps, their pantomime noses and their repelling Eastern manners, it would hold the Jew in far higher esteem.

Some of them have made names in the City. You will find them on the Stock Exchange and in civic life, many who are excellent fellows, as their immediate friends will avow. Their acts of charitableness would make a book unto itself. One stolid Britisher, I know, is never tired of relating the extraordinary benevolence of a certain Jewish solicitor who performed the most charitable acts in secret.

I wish I could say the same of solicitors with whom I have had dealings in the past (unfortunately not Yids), and found not altogether given to benevolence.

* * * * * *

From the facts given in this book it will be seen that there is a distinctly popular type of Jew who deserves well of the country of his adoption. The only pity is that the type is not more fully representative of Jewry as a whole. There is no reason why it should not be so. The Jew has the brains, the tact, and the charm to make himself a perfectly agreeable being.

I will confess that when I meet the true Jewish gentleman I waver in my submission that it is not possible for a Jew to become Westernized. These men at any rate could take their place beside the best of Englishmen. But they are lost amid the crowd of obvious Jews who insist on their British birthright. The Jewish gentleman does not insist that he is anything else but what he is—a Jew first and foremost. His charm, which is irresistible, his courtesy, his tact, combined with the shrewdness and the good-heartedness of his race, make him the complete good Jew.

I would trust the destinies of the world, much less one race or country, in his hands. And provided one can keep the pseudo "British" Jew from yapping at him—as he undoubtedly would—I am prepared to back him in re-establishing the prestige of the ancient race—in Palestine! It will be a difficult task. To inspire and control the People of Israel! I wonder whether that which proved too much for the leaders of Biblical times will prove as heart-breaking to the twentieth century leaders. I trow not.

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changing their tune and pray him *not* to go back to Jerusalem. Jewry should emblazon on the Shield of Zion :

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